JOHN BULL, week ending Sept. 19, 1942

JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXII. 1892

3D EVERY THURSDAY

STILL TOO MUCH DITHER
By The EDITOR

GIRL BRINGS HOME THE BOMBERS

AS HITLER SEES IT NOW
By A.G.G.

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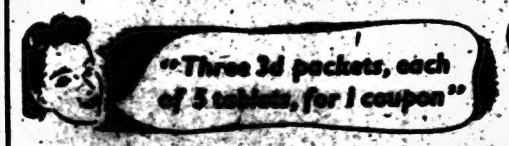

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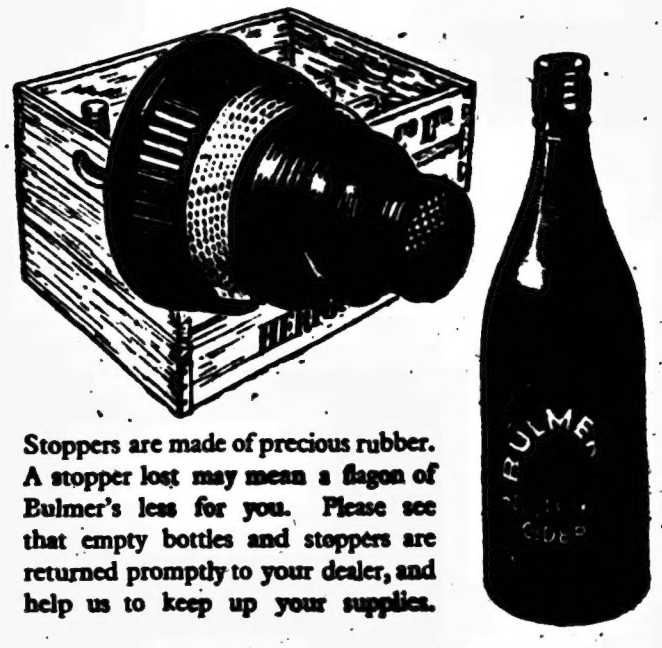

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FOOD FACTS

FIGHTING FIT . . . that's how we all want to feel now. The Ministry of Food has planned supplies to make this possible. It's food without frills, but that's right in wartime. Plan your family's meals to this fighting standard. Serve potatoes often — they're grand energy givers and they save bread. Make the most of your cheese ration, it's a splendid body-builder, especially for the children. Eat plenty of home-grown vegetables; they'll help to keep you *fighting fit* through the winter months.

IRISH OMELET

Cooking time: 15 minutes. Ingredients: 1 lb. cooked potato, 3 oz. of bacon, 4 eggs (4 level tablespoonfuls dried egg mixed with 8 tablespoonfuls of water), ¼ pint of milk or household milk, 1 tablespoonful of chopped parsley, salt and pepper. Quantity: Four helpings. Method: Slice the potatoes and mix with parsley, chopped bacon and seasoning. Put the mixture into a well-greased pie-dish. Pour the egg and milk over and bake in a hot oven for 15 minutes.

FIVE RULES FOR COOKING GREEN VEGETABLES

1. If you have a garden don't cut your vegetables until you need them.
2. Don't soak green vegetables before cooking. Wash them thoroughly in cold salted water.
3. Cook them as quickly as possible. Shred (slice with a knife) all green vegetables except spinach, and divide cauliflower into sprigs.
4. Use only enough water to keep pan from burning. A teacupful is usually enough.
5. Bring water to the boil, put in shredded greens, put the lid on the pan and cook steadily for 10 to 15 minutes. Give the pan a shake once or twice during that time. Serve at once.

How are you? FIGHTING fit, thanks!

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1 FOOD FACTS No. 114

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—having decided to try Phosferine

says L.P.

"I was very nervy, irritable and run down. I decided to try Phosferine. I can truthfully say that the change in me is remarkable. I have lost all the nervous irritability and neufalgia that made life a burden and am once more lively and well."

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Two Tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/3 size is nearly four times the 1/4 size, you save 2/-

To make your Lux Toilet Soap last longer

FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE HINTS

IF you want to make your soap tablet last longer, put these hints into practice. They're very easy. At the same time, they save a surprising amount of soap.

Always keep soap dry

When not in use, place your Lux Toilet Soap tablet on a little rubber mat, if you have one, or in a wire tray. This keeps it dry — saves waste.

Never let soap lie about in the bath or basin

It's wasteful to leave your soap in the water. So use what is necessary and then put the tablet back on its rubber mat or in its tray.

Don't use a flannel

Instead of rubbing the soap on to a flannel, rub it on to your hands. Then, with your soapy hands, you can wash your face and body.

Save your left-overs

When you are nearing the end of a tablet of soap, stick what remains on to the new tablet. Pressed down firmly, it will not come unstuck and you will not waste even the tiniest bit of soap.

LUX TOILET SOAP

3½d. tablet (including Purchase Tax) for 1 coupon.

VL 1236-9

A LEVER PRODUCT

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 19, 1942,
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."

FADE-OUT

● Not yet does Parliament set the pace for the war effort.

Last week's fiasco in the Commons is still arousing comment throughout the country. And it will not soon be forgotten.

Nor should it be.

The House met after many weeks. Great events had taken place in the interval—the Moscow meetings, the Stalingrad siege, the defeat of Rommel, the Dieppe raid.

The Prime Minister made an important and encouraging review of the war situation. But M.P.s began to trickle out before he had finished.

Only a handful of them remained for later business. With the result that a most important war "debate" had to be counted out.

Last July, you will remember, the motion of censure on the Government came to an equally ignominious and premature end because fewer than forty Members were interested enough to be present!

Our politicians loudly proclaim the merits of democratic government. They castigate humbler folk for "absenteeism." They urge the workers to still greater efforts.

What a pity they do not themselves set an example of diligence and energy!

Straight from the Shoulder

PLAN TO WIN

THE flames of Stalingrad, the shimmering heat of Egypt, cannot warm Hitler's hopes of victory before the winter.

At the cost of a thousand tanks a week, Von Bock has captured wheat lands that produced as much as the whole of the Ukraine.

But he has not succeeded in destroying a single Russian army or in cutting off the central army from its main supply line to the oilfields.

Russian Rains

From now on the Russian defences will be buttressed by rain. The sky will change from blue to slate, the baked earth will become a quagmire.

In Egypt, Rommel has skinned his knuckles on our armour. Fading like a mirage are his chances of bridging the Nile to sweep through Iraq and Persia.

But if the position is disconcerting for our enemies, we would be foolish to indulge in complacency.

Non-Starter

We have yet to WIN the war.

We are still partly on the defensive in the fourth year of war.

Immense tasks and great difficulties confront us.

The whole nation must be fully alert to all the implications of the struggle in which our existence is at stake.

Strategy Wanted

The United Nations have yet to be more united in action.

Their strategy is still not fully developed—either in the production of weapons or in the cohesive use of them.

We have not yet mastered the U-boat. Malta is still besieged; our enemies hold both sides of the Mediterranean; our war production is menaced by shortage of coal.

Western Front!

Be sure we shall strike immediately we are ready.

As Industry's "Parliament"—the T.U.C.—has declared, the time and place must be decided by the Military Chiefs.

But every moment increases the agony in occupied countries.

Year's Advance

Not much longer should we expect the Russians to withstand the main weight of the enemy's armour

Just a year ago, Kiev fell. Since when the Germans have advanced 600 miles—at an extravagant cost.

Already some German towns have lost more men in this war than in the last.

Still the German armies cannot boast of triumph. Again the Russian winter approaches.

Our Chance

What an opportunity for us!

We must strike before the German forces can be disengaged.

Strike at the hard core of the Nazi empire — at Germany itself. Strike through northern Europe, or Italy, at the most favourable of the "dozen places" hinted at by President Roosevelt!

Vital Battlefield

Rommel must be routed this time. As General Smuts has said, reinforcing the views so often expressed on this page, we cannot hope to win the war without clearing the Mediterranean.

Indeed, we may be unable to invade Europe without winning the North African coastline.

And Rommel will take some dislodging.

Bitter Fight

Even though so many of his dive-bombers have been shot from the skies, even though so many of his tanks have been crushed into the sands, his base is defended by sheer cliffs of rock and packed artillery.

We must expect a bitter and costly fight. But we must win it this time whatever the price.

Beat the U-boats

Not less bitter will be the war at sea.

Mr. Wendell Willkie discloses that in August 500,000 tons of merchant shipping were sunk. In that month, the United States produced 600,000 tons of new shipping.

Is that encouraging? Hardly. We urgently needed not only that new shipping, but the 500,000 that we lost.

All-Out Campaign

Moreover, we are sinking only one U-boat in three. So now there are more U-boats afloat than ever before.

Thus we must launch an all-out campaign to knock out the U-boats. It must be waged ceaselessly in the air, on the sea, and in the shipyards.

Despite the decision to build great cargo 'planes, we shall have to build more ships than ever.

More and More

It goes without saying that the magnificent work of the R.A.F. must be sustained—and extended.

More 'planes to hunt the U-boats. More to co-operate with the Eighth Army. More to bomb Germany as it has never been bombed before.

Soon, too, we must be ready to bomb Japan from the bases won by the onward-sweeping Chinese.

Light Losses

Happily, the Americans are showing us a way to cut our losses in the aerial assault on Occupied Europe.

Only two of their Flying Fortresses were lost in a recent fortnight. They have shot down as many as twelve Nazi fighters a day without loss to themselves.

New Methods

Thus it may be possible for us to develop daylight bombing, to obtain higher accuracy and lower casualties than by night bombing.

Indeed, the science of warfare is changing fast.

The panzer attack has been superseded by the "armoured square" assault. The dive-bomber was beaten by the fighter when Rommel tried to smash through our defences. The tank is not proof against the latest anti-tank gun.

Share the Secrets!

But here we find one of the major weaknesses of the United Nations.

Not only do they lack a united strategy. They lack also a united staff of scientists and military experts to consider the changing methods of war and to devise new ones.

Feeble Compromise

Besides, Britain should have its own staff of experts to report on the best use of scientific discoveries.

The demand for such a body has instead been met by a compromise.

Three scientists are to advise Sir Stafford Cripps on war production. But not on the best use of weapons!

Complications

There are indeed a score of urgent matters that call for Government action.

Even the increase in Service pay should not be the Government's last word on that subject. As Major Milner, M.P., has pointed out, the preposterous complexity of the Army system which admits 200 different rates of pay makes neither for economy nor efficiency. Nor for justice or contentment!

Planning for Peace

There is the no less complicated question of land reform, dealt with at great length by the Scott and Uthwatt reports.

Both are excellent on the whole, though with minor weaknesses.

Perhaps the weakest proposal of the Uthwatt Committee is that local authorities should be given power to buy built-up land in order to plan it.

It is not enough to give them "power"—for some of them are too lazy or too much under the thumbs of local landlords ever to exercise their powers.

Big Reforms

Still, the proposal to State-control the development of all land offers us a great and necessary reform. So does the T.U.C., which, breaking down religious opposition, comes out boldly in favour of education-for-all until eighteen.

The Government's sincerity in the matter of peace aims will be judged by the speed in which it prepares to put those reforms into effect.

Proof We Want

It must show that it is really planning the peace. It must prove that it is planning the job of winning the war.

In this fourth year of war, the people will no longer be satisfied for Britain to "muddle through." It will require military victories, not the promises of victories in the future.

(Continued overleaf)

"MY BREADWINNER AND PAL HAS BEEN TAKEN FROM ME"

These poignant words are taken from a letter written by Mrs. M. E. Isaac of Alvaston in acknowledging cheque paid to her by "John Bull," following the death of her husband in a recent raid.

JOHN BULL offers free to every reader an Insurance Policy, underwritten at Lloyd's, against Air Raids, Invasion and Bombardment.

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms on application to "John Bull's" Insurance Department, 128, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

WE look for even more austerity in the fourth year of war.

But—is there going to be more fairness with Christmas supplies this year?

It's early to ask—but six weeks' time will be too late.

The sweet ration is expected to be reduced in November. Why not give more of what is available to children and less to adults.

No "Santa"

Sufficient toys have been made to make every child happy—given price control.

But last year some children had too many, others none. Santa was "too busy to come round."

Tragic. And, after all, these toys were yielded from national sources of material and man-power.

Respite

There are those millions of fowls doomed to die at the end of this month through scarcity of feeding stuffs.

Organised collection and distribution of kitchen waste could ensure three months' reprieve, making them right for the Christmas table.

But, again, price must be right.

Luckless Housewives

Last year housewives looked in vain for poultry at the controlled price of 2s. per lb.

Too many hotels and restaurants were paying 5s.

That being so, what hope for Mrs. Everyman of buying turkey at 3s. per lb. unplucked, untrussed—4s. 4d. per lb. dressed for the table?

They ARE Gobblers!

Of course, we shall be told again "there aren't enough turkeys for the Food Ministry to bother about."

Very well. Then we mustn't breed them next summer.

They gorge milk, cream, even eggs; take the time of farm labourers who could be better employed.

Same with other Christmas delicacies—we shouldn't use the war time resources of a nation at war importing or producing for the few.

Neat, Cheap

Board of Trade chief, Dr. Hugh Dalton, has a few shocks for the favoured few.

His experts are replanning women's wear in the light of such shortages as rubber, which makes elastic. We've seen some early designs.

Whatever their means, women will be able to dress as well as our neat, trim, pretty typists did before the war—but no better.

Yet some will moan.

Call This Utility!

And they'll still be able to dodge.

Small Scottish weavers are doing an enormous trade making pretty "shelter rugs"—seeing so few people are going to shelters.

Just coincidence, of course, that they are handy lengths of homespun that make excellent coats and skirts.

There are still hundreds of tricks—for the tricky.

"Charity" Again!

We feel angrier about notices that are appearing in naval dockyards.

They say:

"The Commander in Chief asks you to give generously to provide gallant lads of the Dieppe raids, now in hospital, with the comforts they urgently need."

If their comfort is to depend on how many pennies are dropped in the hat, it's damnable!

Same Word, Different Meaning

But we're cooled down by the story of a keen young sailor who finds himself—an Army fire-fighter!

Kept in England with an injured leg, he was called up, put in the Army, and then, on the strength of arguing that he was really a ship's fireman, given fire brigade duties.

He craves to get to sea again, and we're sure that the War Office, usually keen to put such things right, will give him his chance.

Soldier Self-Help

The War Office owes a lot of thanks to soldiers down Woolwich way.

Every man in the garrison receives regularly a "What's On in Woolwich," which should make it impossible for him to have a dull leisure moment.

And he's to get a "Garrison A.B.C." telling him everything he can see and do in the London area—even his last train, tram and 'bus to Woolwich from everywhere.

Co-operation

Garrisons everywhere should copy not only the idea—which caters for lovers of pubs, clubs, racing, books, symphony concerts, and everything else — but the democratic spirit behind it.

For a Gunner H. A. Quantrill thought of it. The garrison commander, Colonel C. E. Ryan, M.C., adopted it enthusiastically.

And Garrison Sergt.-Major W. H. Hill bustled round as only sergeant-majors can to make its success assured.

Wait the Wizard

Now for news of another bustler, a great artist, a big-hearted soul who can make you love even dragons!

Walt Disney is to fly here, although not on an elephant! We hear from his studios that he hopes to make some British propaganda films.

We trust the Ministry of Information doesn't try to "instruct" this man who knows the job better than anyone. It is apt to!

Why Worry About Coal!

And some pit-owners seem to think they still live in the bad old days of plenty of surplus labour.

They told a Lothian miner of seventeen years' experience who went back to his pit after four months' illness: "Oh, we filled your job!"

His wife had 3s. 6d. left in her purse. And now he's on the dole.

Yet T.U.C. speakers say the coal shortage this winter will be worse than any of us expect.

Care Aids Recovery

Then there's this talk of pit absenteeism.

Much is due to the fact that the compensation given to an injured pitman (35s. a week for wife and self, 4s. or 3s. for a child) doesn't help him to recover quickly.

So you get figures suggesting the collier is a slacker.

Which—ruling out artful dodgers who have gone into the pits to avoid the Army—isn't true.

Wooden Heads

And although we want timber, the Ministry of Supply still sacks tree-fellers for "too much sickness."

One case concerns a man who, having had a tree fall on him, was away for months—returned to be badly injured when a wire left stretched across a road pulled him off a lorry.

He has been given his cards, and told he's *ill* too often.

Private Subsidy

But Miss Thora Storey, aged twenty-two, of Sunderland, has even more cause to grumble.

She must *pay* to work.

The job the Ministry of Labour ordered her to take yields 4s. a week less than her expenses living in the lodgings the Ministry found for her!

Appointment

Some people are far luckier in their war jobs.

For instance, Superintendent J. E. Crofts, retiring after more than forty years in Wolverhampton borough police force, finds himself Midland Region Enforcement Officer under the Ministry of Fuel.

He's had a good career—but so have many men of fifty or thereabouts refused jobs in which they have a life-time of experience because, war or no war, they're "too old."

Puzzle Corner

When is furniture worth very little?

When it is valued for compensation after the owner has been bombed out.

When is it worth a lot?

When, the owner having died, it is valued for probate.

Sky-Rocketing

Unlike official valuers, those employed by executors often give absurdly high valuations. There's the case of a Midlands home left recently to the widow.

A threadbare carpet has assumed double its pre-war value new—a table, sideboard, desk and bookcase more than the entire contents of the house cost when they were first bought.

More Books for All

Values are strangely varying things!

Booksellers charging fantastic prices for novels will offer you a few shillings a crate for them.

Let the Government control prices, making dealers pay more and charge less, and people will pour their books on the market. The acute book shortage will end.

Unprofitable Breeding

Mr. Ernest Knapp, of Send, Surrey, is pondering on values.

He spent 4s. each on rearing thirteen three-pounder rabbits—got 7d. each for them at auction at Guildford Market.

And it cost him 5s. to get them into the market!

Price of rabbit to you, 1s. 10d. a lb.

Explanation

The Public Assistance Officer of the County Borough of Bolton has been good enough to put us in possession of the full facts of the case referred to in our issue of July 18 last.

As a result, we wish to withdraw any imputations which may have been made on his Committee.

Behind the News

● **Hitler is trying gentle purge of *Luftwaffe* generals. Transfer of General Loehr from the East may be followed by Kesselring's dismissal from the Mediterranean command.**

● *Formation of an Italian S.S., on model of Nazi Black Guards, reflects Fascist apprehension about Italian war weariness. Meanwhile, Mussolini worries lest German-controlled terror organisation supersedes his own.*

● Soviet air raid on Vienna is foretaste of bigger things to come; has upset big Nazi plans for further industrial transfers from Rhine to Danube.

● **It is first "popular" raid among German masses, who hate the wealthy. Nazi officials who have evacuated themselves to Vienna to evade raids.**

● *Struggle in Germany between army and industry about division of available man-power during coming winter assumes big proportions. Industrialists, more big-profit minded than any, fear ruin if labour supply fails.*

● Allied *v.* Axis food fronts. Britain has reclaimed more land in last eight months than Mussolini in thirteen years.

● **While Tokyo broadcasts adopt defensive tone, Jap newspapers have been ordered to concentrate on conditioning public for long war with steadily increasing hardships, including mass air raids on cities. "English toughness" is reason given for long-deferred victory.**

● **Nazis aren't such he-men! Incidence of serious illness among United Nations soldiers, including those in tropics, is 2.8 per thousand. German rate, 14.2; Italian, 16.9.**

● *Nazi Youth-Leader von Schirach, rallying European youngsters in Vienna for impressive newsreel to boost Hitler's New Order, had to use threats and bribes to secure minimum attendance demanded by Goebbels.*

● New "feast day" is being prepared in Holland. Called Hatchet Day, it is to be celebrated when Allies invade Europe. Nazis, noting that axes have been sold out, wonder with what fell purpose.

● **German transport troubles so serious following R.A.F. raids that Abetz has demanded 12,000 locomotives and 30,000 wagons from Vichy before winter. It means shutting down several important French activities working indirectly for Germany.**

● *Franco having turned to U.S. for urgent reconstruction material, whole Nazi plot to line Spain against Allies has received severe set-back. Sacking of pro-Axis Suner is another blow for Hitler.*

● Jugo-Slav and Greek guerilla war is now major Nazi nightmare; pins down thirty-six Axis divisions (thirty-two Italian, four Nazi), while Hitler is screaming for men in Russia and Egypt. That's why List went.

Without Fear or Favour *By the Editor*

STILL TOO MUCH DITHER

ANOTHER million women—this time the housewives between forty and forty-five—will have registered by the end of next month.

Before the winter is over many of them will probably be registering—protests.

For the truth is that this fresh drive for woman-power lacks competent direction, as others have done before it.

Nobody can dispute the need for more part-time women workers, and nobody can question the willing spirit of British womanhood.

But practical housewives, most of whom are working hard already, will be none too eager to volunteer for fresh duties unless they are satisfied that suitable jobs can and will be found for them close to their own homes.

Given clear guidance from the top, coupled with business-like organisation by the local authorities, this could be done in most urban and semi-urban areas.

We see little evidence of either. In this matter, as in many others, there seems a tendency to wander hither and thither—and dither.

The Minister of Labour's object is to release younger women from civilian occupations for direct war work.

Nothing could be more sensible.

There are still a quarter of a million women of Service age working full-time in the shops alone.

Housewives on part-time could easily replace most of these, and there are many other simple jobs in offices and restaurants which they could fill equally well.

BUT the change-over is bound to be slow, half-hearted and incomplete unless local authorities and local employers work to a clear-cut Government plan, implemented where necessary by the compulsion of both.

We suggest that after registration all suitable volunteers for whom work cannot immediately be found should be held in short reserve, what time the Ministry of Labour speeds the call-up of full-time younger women.

It would then follow that employers who had been slow and reluctant to release staff would soon *have* to apply for part-timers in order to carry on at all. And they would have to take what were left after their more public-spirited competitors had already had their pick.

Something of this sort may, indeed, be done, but we have little confidence in general appeals and requests.

In a recent speech Mr. Attlee provided grand evidence of what the people of this country have done and are willingly doing to promote our stupendous war effort.

The public of both sexes responds magnificently to any clear and decisive call, but it is growingly suspicious of volunteering to do extra work or make fresh sacrifices merely to promote vague, woolly and obviously unequal projects.

When the Government does give firm orders, as in the case of compulsory fire-watching, grumbling and discontent occur only when practical organisation is lacking.

It is notoriously lacking in regard to fire-guards. Mr. Herbert Morrison has certainly *ordered* training for all of them, but his orders have not been uniformly or even generally carried out.

We assert that tens of thousands of *men* fire-guards are still almost totally untrained. We know that hundreds of local authorities deserve to be prosecuted for loitering.

They need instructors; they even offer to pay them well, but they show no sense of urgency. If a blitz hit their town they would not be ready for it.

We predict that months will pass before proper training and adequate accommodation have been provided for the new women recruits.

We do not pretend to like the idea of conscripting any woman to watch business premises until it is proved that there are literally no more men available for this important and possibly dangerous "front line" duty.

We also share the women's resentment that their rate of compensation should be lower than the men's, but, apart from these objections to the general scheme, our anxiety is focused on the plain, undeniable *fact* that it does not yet provide the country with an efficient national fire-guard service.

And is not likely to do so for a long while to come.

Our various leaders on the Home Front seem to be positive chiefly about negative duties.

The average citizen, man or woman, echoes that witty cartoonist who recently captioned one of his drawings with the sarcastic question: "Now have I done all my 'don'ts' for to-day?"

Don't spend, don't travel, don't chatter and don't waste fuel or water! All these may be very necessary injunctions, but there is nothing dynamic about "don'ts."

JOHN BULL does not believe for a moment that the present fuel economy campaign can do anything but postpone rationing for a short time.

More people than not find it impossible to work out the complicated "target" which has been set for them. It would have been simpler and better to ask everybody to cut their fuel consumption by—say—a quarter.

We are dead against any *needless* compulsion, but rationing is almost always the best and fairest way to secure economy and equality.

In time of war decent people waste nothing and selfish ones ignore appeals. The latter, for instance, will travel even when their journeys are *not* really necessary.

We, therefore, welcome the Government's latest decision to stop the Green Line 'bus services and to restrict Service leave journeys and visits to evacuees.

In fact, the Government should always be certain of its own "target" before it asks the public to aim at any.

It seldom is. Recently, though this is only a small matter, we were all urged to bottle all the fruit we could get.

That was an excellent idea for food conservation, but it had one flaw: there were not enough bottles!

CONSEQUENTLY, a huge tonnage of the recent splendid plum crop has gone to waste, just as innumerable apples have been left to rot and immense quantities of "surplus" vegetables—toilsomely grown by the dig-for-victory gardeners and allotmenteers—have become a dead loss.

Again and again JOHN BULL has urged the Government to *do* something about this, for we know that the collection, marketing or "Concentration" of these valuable food surpluses *could* be organised by the local authorities under cogent, practical direction from the top.

For lack of this, little or nothing has been done. There are many people who would seem to be more or less responsible, but no one man—so far—to whom they can turn for strong support and vigorous authority.

JOHN BULL has constantly pressed for the appointment of such a G.O.C., and, as far back as last March, we gathered that Sir John Anderson, Lord President of the Council, and member of the War Cabinet, had accepted the job.

He said that *his special responsibility* was "to see that our civil life at home is so organised as to give the maximum support to the Fighting Services and to war production."

What has happened to all that planning and co-ordination?

We don't see much evidence of it. What we do see, all too clearly, is an exasperating continuance of dithering by various Ministries—too much pulling in different directions when simple, common-sense co-ordination could achieve so much.

Vichy Scorns French Loyalty!

TWO-LINED item in the newspapers: *The Germans have introduced conscription in Alsace-Lorraine.*

No one seemed to pay much attention. Yet behind it is the drama of nearly two million people whose sad privilege it has been to be "in the news" for some two hundred and fifty years.

★ ★ ★

Changing hands five times in this period, they have been a pawn in war after war, and the fighting has been mostly on their own soil.

Of all citizens of the French Republic they were bound to suffer the most, morally, when their country collapsed two years ago.

It was their deeply rooted democratic spirit which made them love France, although their language and customs were German. Now they were to be incorporated again into Germany—and what a Germany! They had loathed the clumsy Prussian rule under the Hohenzollerns, but the Nazi tyranny looked like being a hundred times worse.

No wonder that, of all Frenchmen, the Alsatians—and, of course, the French-speaking Lorrainers too—were the last to accept the idea that Hitler's victory was final.

But the biggest blow of all awaited them. The men of Vichy—their own Government—almost encouraged the Nazis to take possession of them!

Loss of these provinces was regarded as a comparatively cheap price for defeat if further territorial concessions could thus be avoided.

Pétain and Laval, in fact, wanted to sign a separate peace with Hitler as quickly as possible because they hoped, in this way, to stave off Italy's claims.

★ ★ ★

Were it not for Mussolini's stubborn claims on Tunisia and Corsica, a Franco-German Peace Treaty would already be signed in the middle of the World War and the Alsatians and Lorrainers would be "officially" Hitler's subjects.

But they are not—and never will be. They are still French, not only in their hearts but also under International Law, and the introduction of military conscription in Alsace-Lorraine is, therefore, another Nazi breach of International Law.

What is particularly tragic is that the Vichy Government not only condones everything the Nazis do with Alsace-Lorraine, but it treats as a nuisance the thousands of refugees from these provinces who live either in unoccupied France or in North Africa.

★ ★ ★

The Nazis have expelled and robbed them, or forbidden them to return home, because of their loyalty to France, but the Vichy Government is annoyed by this unwelcome loyalty which is an indictment of its own policy of collaboration with Hitler.

Some weeks ago Alsatian refugees in French Morocco formed an association which put in its rules loyalty to France as an essential pledge by its members.

Laval's hirelings brought pressure to bear upon the committee, and this pledge was deleted!

When the hour of reckoning strikes for the French quislings, the Alsatians and Lorrainers will have a special account to settle with the men of Vichy.

VICTOR SCHIFF.

OPEN LETTERS

President F. D. ROOSEVELT, The Man Who Looks Ahead

DEAR PRESIDENT,—The more you talk, the greater becomes our respect for you. Which is a tribute that can be paid to very few statesmen!

Your "fireside chat" the other evening, for example, must have impressed millions of Britons besides myself.

Not because you talked of military plans for a Western Front.

But because you told Congress, bluntly and coldly, that unless it produced an anti-inflation and price-controlling law by October 1 you would overrule Congress and make the law yourself.

Now, I'm not going to comment on purely American affairs. But I do want you to know that we Britons like a man who isn't afraid of any political group of vested interests, however strong they may be.

You move in advance of a reluctant Congress. Our Parliament usually has to move in advance of a reluctant administration.—JOHN BULL.

The TOWN COUNCIL, Hove

GENTLEMEN,—Your obstinacy does you no credit.

The Board of Education has made it clear that, as you still refuse to pay your elementary school teachers the Burnham war bonus, they will be strongly advised to seek jobs elsewhere, and you will lose your state grant.

The same methods should be adopted by every Government Department subject to Parliament's approval.

The rural council that won't provide a water supply for villagers. The borough council that won't start a salvage scheme for its townsfolk.

The city corporation that can't be bothered to put its A.R.P. into order. The county council that neglects the welfare of the young.

Let Whitehall threaten to stop State grant to such councils and most of them will hurriedly indulge in second thoughts!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD WOOLTON, Minister of Food

MY LORD,—The British Restaurant was one of your finest ideas.

It was intended mainly for the benefit of war workers particularly in areas likely to be heavily bombed.

But now, in many places, war workers cannot get served because of the rush of idle women who find that British Restaurant meals eke out their rations.

It is said that favour is shown to local councillors, who are provided with bumper meals of roast beef and new potatoes while the real war workers are given small helpings of minced beef and cabbage.

There is a heavy loss on some of the restaurants. Of course, they are entirely under the jurisdiction of local authorities, are managed and staffed by them.

But I am glad you have refused a grant to one town which has sadly mismanaged its arrangements, and I hope you will act no less sternly in similar cases.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P., Minister of Labour and National Service

DEAR SIR,—There is considerable fatigue among young workers. Their accident rate is excessively high.

Why? Because in many trades the young are working unreasonably long hours.

Official report after report tells the same tale.

The latest comes from the London County Council. It says that many girls of sixteen to eighteen are tired out not only because of long working hours, but because of heavy work at which they must stand all day.

It adds that many of them have to do domestic work at home "after long hours in factory or shop."

What a way to build up the health of the mothers of the future!

Last week—not for the first time—a State committee of experts pointed out that fatigue was responsible for a high proportion of accidents to young industrial workers.

What a grisly price to pay for the tiny increase in output yielded by their overtime at the bench!

And welfare workers have reported that large numbers of youths are too tired by their day's over-long work to seek recreation or A.T.C. training in the evenings.

It is unavoidable that men and women should work extremely long hours in war time. It is a foolishly shortsighted and uneconomic policy that condemns boys and girls to do so.

See that their health—and their safety—is no longer needlessly imperilled!—JOHN BULL.

Sir WILLIAM BEVERIDGE, "Father" of the Social Services

DEAR SIR WILLIAM,—In a few weeks' time, I believe, your name will once again be on the front page of every newspaper.

There will be big news in the scheme which Mr. Arthur Greenwood asked you to prepare when he was the Cabinet's "Member for Reconstruction," and which will soon be available.

You will, I know, urge that all our social services should be welded into one.

Let me say right now that there will be deep anger among the people if the Government tries to shelve your proposals till after the war.

For the people are incensed by the anomalies of the present system, which, like Topsy, has "just growed" and which lacks either design or justice.

Thus, if a family's livelihood is lost because the bread-winner is ill, the "National Health" payment is 18s. a week. But if the livelihood is lost because of an accident, then the payment is 35s. and allowances for the children.

If a man dies a natural death while "on the panel," his widow receives 10s. a week plus allowances for children. Whereas if he is killed by enemy action, she gets 25s. plus children's allowances.

Such differences—and there are many—will not be tolerated much longer.

We have supped long on promises. But it is an airy diet.

We want a token *now* of the social security promised us for after the war!—JOHN BULL.

Dr. C. M. CHAVASSE, Bishop of Rochester

MY LORD,—Rarely have I read such insulting twaddle as your muddled homily to the people of your diocese.

You ask if we, as a nation, possess to-day the fortitude and devotion to duty that for so long moulded our history.

And you appear to answer your own question by complaining that in 1939 there was not the same "universal flocking to the colours which was the glory of 1914."

You have the impudence to sneer that the country has not yet shown the fighting spirit of the last war.

Though certainly you are willing to admit that the R.A.F. and our men at sea have not been found wanting in courage. You are good enough to say that our civilian men and women showed an endurance in air bombing that "was a surprise even to themselves."

I confess I cannot make sense of your strictures.

If you grant the heroism of our airmen and sailors, if you admit that our civil population stood up to the horrors of the most furious bombing ever known, how can you justify your lament that "there is something soft in the national soul"?

Or are you trying to suggest that it is the Army which represents the "softness" you claim to discern? If so, the men of Dunkirk and Greece, the men who stormed Dieppe and thrashed Rommel, may be pardoned if they disagree.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT · By PALLAS

Wanted—Life, Not Living

SCIENCE marches on at a tremendous pace. In laboratories the world over chemists and research workers are probing, testing, analysing, directing brains, ingenuity and skill to the harsh, unrelenting demands of the war machine.

In the last war engineering science, spurred by national needs, developed the modern car and the modern plane—or at least made such progress in those fields that the foundations were laid for the speedy evolution of greatly improved cars and aeroplanes.

★ ★ ★

But the tempo of the last war was slow compared to this present one. And, likewise, the march of science to-day is much speedier than it was 25 years ago.

Dr. Charles Stine, for instance, has just told the American Chemical Society that "the world of 1940 has already become antiquated."

He declared that the war had compressed into the space of months developments which might have taken half a century to realise if necessity had not forced the pace.

And he added: "When the war is won we shall have at our command ten to a hundred times what we had before in new materials."

Here is another glimpse of the brave, new world we are all so eager to see—a world of more leisure, easier living.

Science has made those things possible. Man after the war will have scope to learn and to study. The shrinkage of the planet will enable him to see more of the world. The sky will be his highway, and in a couple of days he will be able to encircle the globe.

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Man's vision will be greater. His mind will broaden. Intense nationalism will be influenced by contact with other nations.

But will man be happier? Can all the discoveries and inventions of science bring happiness to man? Have they done so in the past? No.

Why? The answer is simple. Because man has not learned to live scientifically or to use to full advantage the benefits of science.

A world of planned economy—which in itself abounds with pitfalls—may function after the war. It may see that no one goes hungry, that no one is without a job. It may ensure decent homes, decent education.

It may stamp out hardships; end the more palpable of the inequalities which have beset man in the past; and control, with decency and toleration, the fruits of the earth and the products of man's labour.

★ ★ ★

But will those things bring happiness? Can there be happiness for all so long as we have our present muddled existence which, for want of a better word, we call living?

We want in the future life not living—we want men who can teach us how to utilise the gifts which science has showered on us. The history we are making to-day shows how easy it is to abuse those gifts.

Men who can envisage life and not living are the real teachers of to-morrow. Their task is not simple. But if we can assimilate the lessons we shall enter into our true heritage.

★ *JOHN CASHEL spends a night at a bomber station, sharing with the control staff the worries—and thrills—of getting the huge craft safely to ground on their return in the dark from a big raid on Germany, one of the increasingly frequent punches by the R.A.F.*

A Girl Calls Home the Big Bombers

VOICES crackle out of the radio loud-speaker into the blacked-out Flying Control room as I sit with the Senior Officer and his W.A.A.F. radio-telephonist assistant on this "Big Raid on Germany" night.

The girl's voice, clear and firm and friendly, continuously answers back through her telephone. She is the mouthpiece of the brain in Flying Control.

It is as if you were listening to friends through the radio in your home, and you kept up your end of the conversation on your telephone. But there the similitude ends.

The atmosphere within our four whitewashed walls beside the tarmac of this big bomber station is, unlike your sitting-room, charged with the drama of urgency and unpredictable emergency.

From Night Sky

You know the crackling voices don't come from a cosy B.B.C. studio, but from the cockpits of 'planes somewhere near in the night sky returning from the reek of all the hazards that beset a heavy raid.

The loud-speaker blares forth the unfolding story of these pilots . . . those home without a scratch, those with injured and maybe dead aboard, and—by their absence—of those who have not made it! . . .

"Hello, Hopetown. Hopscotch, Z for Zebra calling. I am short of petrol and must land immediately. Can't get damaged undercarriage down. What are your instructions? Over."

Hopetown is our station, Hopscotch the squadron call-sign, and Z the letter for the particular aircraft in the squadron.

A red light, distinguishing red from blue squadron, flickers into life on an identification board on which the letter of every 'plane taking part in the raid is chalked up. I count nearly forty of them.

Sleeves rolled up, tunic-less, cool as she looks, the girl repeats through her telephone the instruction the senior officer gives her.

"Hello, Z for Zebra. Hopetown has received your message. Five other aircraft waiting to land. Your landing turn is now 2. Fly at 1,000. Come in and land as best you can."

Thinking in seconds, the officer raps out his directions for changing the turns of the other aircraft.

The girl passes them on, and one by one the "letters" answer back through the loud-speaker: "Your instruction received and understood."

Before number one aircraft is down ambulance and fire-tender are racing to the flarepath to stand by for Z for Zebra, but two, three, four minutes pass without word of him.

A call to A.C.P., the aerodrome control pilot, who is in charge of the flarepath, fails to enlighten us.

Wireless Dead

The girl's voice again, "Hello, Z for Zebra. Are you receiving me? Over." No answer, his wireless seems to have gone wrong.

Returning aircraft are mounting up. There are now seven overhead, circling at different heights. The loud-speaker pours forth a continuous din of their voices.

Still no Zebra . . . for the first time an anxious frown wrinkles the brow of the officer.

Never in the life of this large station has pilot or machine been lost through the fault of Flying Control, though misfortunes have inevitably occurred from uncontrollable causes.

It is no easy job to keep a growing pile of homecomers hovering overhead till the emergency landing can be cleared, especially when, as to-night, giant four-engined bombers are among them.

There comes relief, that of knowing even the worst, as a telephone buzzes and the A.C.P. reports "Z for Zebra crash-landed and in flames midway down the flarepath."

One or two of his unused incendiaries, jammed in the release machinery, caused the outbreak on the impact of the belly-landing.

The crew are safe and the tender has promptly extinguished the fire, but it will take some minutes to haul the damaged machine from the flarepath.

And nine now waiting to land!

Quickly the officer decides to use another flarepath. The wind direction makes it hazardous, and "Met" has reported a lowering ceiling of mist over the aerodrome.

Life-or-Death Duet

But it is the lesser evil with homecomers arriving overhead every two minutes, and with what further casualties calling for emergency landings no one can guess.

This life-or-death duet between the outgoing voice of Flying Control and the incoming pilots' messages through the loud-speaker swells to a crescendo as the new flarepath is put into operation.

You feel the warm throb of human hope and fear through the cold precision of the superb clockwork.

'Plane by 'plane the sky is cleared . . . for the moment, anyway, till the unpredictable brings along another Z for Zebra!

On scores of landing fields the crews, tired but grimly satisfied, hurry off to give details of their night's work and then snatch some sleep for the next time

Tension relaxes. Man and girl have a brief breather to become more human and find a cheery word for the pilots.

A deep voice booms into the room, "Hello, Hopetown. Tollypuddle (blue squadron), A for Apple calling. All O.K. Can I land?"

The girl smiles, recognising the familiar tones of the Wing Commander. "That's Charlie!" she says brightly.

Then, "Hello, A for Apple. Glad you're O.K. Come in and land, but be careful. Heavy mist obscuring flarepath, ceiling only 400. So far thirty-five returned. Good show!"

Next, a stray pilot calling. He wants another station and is uncertain of his bearings. He is put on his way within half a minute.

Then the loud-speaker goes hay-wire. "Hello, Hopetown. Hopscotch, G for Georgie calling. Great night. Can I land? . . . (there follows a torrent of crew cross-talk about what they've done to the Hun that is enough to make the loud-speaker blush!)."

The captain, when calling us, had forgotten to switch off his Inter-Com.

A moment's embarrassment and we all laugh. I gather my companions are used to it and even find such sporadic diversions a relief from the strain.

The officer glances at the identification board and his watch. "Three not back and overdue," he says grimly. "Looks as if we can soon call it a night. What about some breakfast?"

He stretches for the telephone to give the order when the buzzer forestalls him. He listens intently, then turns to the girl.

"That's Ops. Room. Hopscotch, B for Bertie is S O S-ing to them from over the Channel. Shot up by fighter on his way out, but went on and bombed the target. Hit there by *flak*, petrol tanks punctured, one engine damaged. Worst of all, a 4,000-lb. bomb aboard jammed in the damaged rack."

Eternity in Minutes

Swiftly making calculations, the officer estimates that if the crew escape a bale-out over sea or land they'll be overhead in twenty-six minutes.

He 'phones instructions for fire-tender, ambulance and doctor to stand by, warning all of the big bomb aboard.

If that goes off through the impact of landing a lot of our aerodrome may go with it.

As those twenty-six minutes drag by our blacked-out room feels like a prison.

Man and girl give me confidence. They do not turn a hair. Their first thought is "the pilot? . . . oh, that's Andy . . . he'll pull it off!" and their spirits go up as a message comes in that the mist has lifted.

Suddenly, "Hello, Hopetown. Hopscotch, B for Bertie calling. Overhead at 1,000. Can see flarepath. Wish us luck! May I land?"

The officer instructs the girl, eager to reply, "Hopetown calling B for Bertie. All ready for you. You may land at once. Bravo, and good luck!"

This next minute or two is an eternity of hope and doubt . . . till the telephone buzzes and the A.C.P. is saying what sounds like a miracle, "Safely landed. All O.K."

Man and girl flop back in their chairs, and breathe a 4,000-lb. sigh of relief!

Another big raid night is over.

For one man and one girl in one Flying Control room, to say nothing of the teeming activity in every other department of the station.

Multiply that fifteen to thirty times—and more as the great night bomber offensive to scourge Germany gathers ever-increasing momentum—and you get an idea of what is behind "Calling All Bombers!" from all stations, when you read "There was another heavy raid on Germany last night."

Getting them up is child's play to getting them down!

DUMMY RAIDS AT THE N.F.S. 'HOTEL'

IN the former ballroom of a £250,000 seaside hotel half a dozen uniformed men were playing with wood blocks on a huge table. Playing very seriously. Fifty other men, seated on tiered benches like medical students at an operation, watched every move. Two instructors barked out orders and criticisms.

The new N.F.S. Staff College was holding a "blitz exercise."

★ ★ ★

This college, opened in the new cliff-top concrete hotel last September, always holds about 200 officers and men and girls.

Here come picked men from every part of the country—even hard-bitten "regulars" and senior officers. They return to pass on what they have learned.

Most popular is the "blitz exercise," at which typical fires are staged in model towns built up from wood blocks. Instructors dab coloured cotton among the buildings, streets, stations, bridges, rivers and warehouses of the 20-ft. long table model. These "fires" must be fought by several pupils.

They study each blaze and order up the appliances they think are needed from the "fire station." Orders flash by 'phone to the basement, where there are reproductions of a N.F.S. "Control Room"—with 'phone switchboards, maps and wall indicators on which the movement of coloured disks indicate the minute-to-minute position of appliances sent out or held at various stations in reserve.

Girl pupils work at this "mobilisation" as they would during a real blitz. Tiny models of appliances—from trailer pumps to the biggest escape engines—are rushed upstairs as they are ordered. The pupils round the model town have to place them tactically among the "ruins" and tell the instructors how they would use them.

As fires and fighting progress during the exercise—which may take two hours—instructors acclaim or criticise each move. The watchers on the benches, mainly experienced fire-fighters, shout out their own views and criticisms. From these interchanges of views, and from the long "post-mortem" discussions which follow each exercise, many valuable lessons are learned.

Other models teach pupils the best ways to fight fires in an oil storage depot, a typical theatre, a ship, and so on.

In one ex-lounge are shown films taken during blitzes by N.F.S. photographers. These men risk their lives to get good pictures, and are always ready to drop their cameras and seize a hose if things get "too hot."

★ ★ ★

In the grounds pupils learn how to rush new telescopic lengths into the big steel water pipes which now crawl about our city streets. A bomb-damaged length should be replaced in a mere minute or two. They learn, too, the best way to carry injured people from the top floors of blitzed buildings.

Instructors at the school—all experienced in real blitz work—are mainly pupils who have made particularly good.

One student said recently: "I have fought fires in big blitzes at five places—Portsmouth, Southampton, Cardiff, Bristol and Bournemouth. I thought I knew it all, until I came here. But I've learned a lot."

PEACE PEDLARS ON THE PROWL

SCENE is the luxurious lounge of a smart hotel in one of Europe's neutral capitals.

A German business man stares for a moment at the big cigar in his hand, takes a nip from a rotund brandy glass, leans over to his friend, a prominent neutral, and whispers in his ear :

"I think they are ready to talk peace now!"

Although he has only arrived from Berlin a few days ago, he calls the Nazis "they."

He offers no explanation how he has acquired his great inside knowledge about "them," how he has come to know their hopes and fears, their plans and prospects so intimately.

But he ingeniously quotes from conversations with Nazi leaders, hints at contacts with other influential groups inside Nazi Germany, even produces correspondence and other evidence to show that he is actually on an important political mission.

★ ★ ★

The gist of his chatter is that he would be able to initiate promising conversations with competent German personalities and to arrange an early peace parley between Germany and the United Nations.

The idea is to impress the neutral listener with this talk, induce him to pass it on to neutral friends who could get in touch with Allied diplomats, so that it may eventually reach the Governments of the United Nations.

Which might—or might not—persuade the United Nations to allow Hitler and his gang to escape final defeat !

Such German business men turn up in every neutral country. Later they are reinforced by even more persistent German negotiators.

A whole small army of peace pedlars is thrown into a secret diplomatic battle.

They produce elaborate peace plans, even outlines of German concessions and minimum demands.

Some of them mention the possibility of government changes in Germany. They suggest territorial corrections and offer even guarantees and securities!

★ ★ ★

In fact, the big Nazi peace offensive is on.

Not always is it easy to hear the sweet music of Nazi peace overtures above the clatter of German arms.

It is even more difficult to understand how they fit in with the loud boasts of German invincibility and with the victory trumpets of Goebbels' Propaganda Ministry.

The peace pedlars are, of course, emissaries of Ribbentrop and very often able to produce evidence of semi-official authorisation.

But nothing they can show is strong enough to prevent the Nazi Government repudiating them if, as usually happens, their efforts end in embarrassing rebuffs.

The fact is that, in spite of their victories, the Nazis want a breathing space. They want it before the winter.

They know that after the fierce battles of this summer no conquest of territory, or even raw material, can save them from exhaustion before they can consolidate or even exploit their gains.

Maybe they fear also that Britain and the United States will take advantage of their exhaustion to begin big military operations in the West

★ ★ ★

They will not reach breaking point for a long time yet. But they believe their peace offensive has a greater chance of success while the Allies are still impressed with their military strength.

Once their weakness becomes apparent they can have no hopes of securing victory by early peace.

It is necessary to watch Hitler's peace pedlars as carefully as all his other agents, spies and Fifth Columnists.

They are, indeed, even more dangerous: they are out to help Hitler win the war with words because he cannot hope to win it with arms.

The large map which Hitler and his generals were studying has been cut out. Now he has to look at something very different from what he saw then

THE WAR AS HITLER SEES IT NOW

Probing the mind of your enemy is a difficult and risky business, but there are stages in the struggle when it is possible, with some degree of safety, to look at things from the other side. Though much depends on what happens in Russia, we are at one of those stages now

says A. G. GARDINER

BEFORE we can get a balanced view of the war we must see it steadily and see it whole. And we must see it from the enemy's angle as well as our own.

How does it look to Hitler? What is he thinking of his chances? Let us try to put ourselves in his place and estimate the sum of things as he sees them on the brink of the fourth winter.

Take the credit side of his balance-sheet first. He has conquered all Europe, seized all its resources, enslaved all its peoples.

His armies are entrenched in Egypt and North Africa and he is making a formidable bid for the control of the Mediterranean.

The devastations of his U-boats in the Atlantic have reached a level of acute danger for us, and in the Pacific his ally Japan has brought the war to the gates of India and torn a mighty hole in the garment of our sea-power.

★ ★ ★

It is a heavy reckoning. If it was the whole reckoning Hitler would be justified in thinking that victory was within his grasp.

But when he turns to the other side of the balance-sheet the prospect is far less rosy. What are the salient facts of the struggle ?

THE FIRST IS THAT THE GREAT GAMBLE HAS NOT COME OFF. HE SET OUT TO STAMPEDE THE WORLD BEFORE IT COULD WAKE UP. THE WAR WAS TO BE WON WITHIN A YEAR. IT HAS ENTERED ITS FOURTH YEAR, AND THE WORLD IS NOT CONQUERED. NOR IS IT ANY LONGER ASLEEP.

It is awake from Canada to the Cape, from Moscow to Washington, from China to Brazil.

The flame that was lit in the Battle of Britain has spread round the globe.

The next fact with which Hitler has to reckon is that the balance of power has passed from him.

He aimed at springing on the world such an irresistible war machine that all would be over before his victims could unite and arm.

To-day they are united and they are armed. They have snatched the dominion of the air from him.

With their enormously greater power of production they are forging a war machine on land and on sea, as well as in the air, with which he cannot ultimately contend.

And there is Russia. It needs no effort of the imagination to understand the feelings with which Hitler contemplates the certainty of a second winter in the snows of Russia.

It is a prospect that may well fill him with terror. Not merely terror of the military price it involves, but terror of the effects it will have in Germany.

The strain that the dreadful experience of last winter put on Hitler's home front was so alarming that he had to turn the screw of the Gestapo upon it and hurl such threats of punishment against those who complained that Goebbels dared not allow them to see the light of print.

IF YOU WISH TO APPRECIATE THE IMMENSITY OF THE BLOW THAT FELL ON GERMANY LAST WINTER READ AGAIN THAT ASTONISHING SPEECH OF GOERING AT BERLIN IN MAY.

It has never been adequately reproduced here except in the *Manchester Guardian*, but I regard it as one of the sensational landmarks of the war.

And a second Russian winter is ahead. This time it will be intensified in its effect by the tempest of bombs that will rain nightly with ever-increasing violence upon the German cities.

Yes, in Hitler's balance-sheet of the war the coming winter in Russia *and in Germany* will have a grim and ominous place.

★ ★ ★

It is to escape that terrifying spectre that Hitler has flung everything he has into the attempt to knock Stalin out of the ring before winter.

He has even left his German cities to their fate rather than withdraw from the Russian front the only weapon, that of aerial attack on us, that could give them some measure of comfort and protection.

This concentration on the obliteration of

Russia at the sacrifice of all else lends support to the view that Hitler has gone bald-headed for the "Speer plan."

That plan, hotly opposed by Speer's enemy, Todt, whose mysterious death near Smolensk conveniently removed him, is a desperate gamble, risking everything—even the production of armaments—in order to end the war at once. Speer's view is summarised in this passage from his "plan" (I quote from an illuminating article on the plan in the *Times*):—

"We must win this war by the end of October—before the Russian winter begins—or we shall lose it once for all. Consequently we can only win with the weapons we have now, not with those we are going to have next year. We can only win if every man capable of bearing arms is at the front. And we must put all we have in the front line, whether that is going to be deleterious to post-war industry or not."

Well, October is near, and few things are less likely than that this all-in gamble to win the war before it ends will succeed.

What is as certain as anything in war can be is that the German army and the German nation are faced with all the rigours of a second Russian winter.

Whatever happens at Stalingrad and in the Caucasus, the Russian army will still be undefeated and intact.

Moscow and Leningrad will still be unconquered, and Stalin will still menace Hitler's flank.

★ ★ ★

The bearing of these facts will not be lost upon Hitler in his calculations of his chances. With the Russian army threatening his flank and rear, he will not be able to throw all his weight into the drive through the Caucasus to the Middle East.

ALREADY THE TIME-TABLE OF HIS PINCER MOVEMENT IS SERIOUSLY UPSET. THE RIGHT LIMB OF THAT MOVEMENT HAS SUFFERED A HEAVY SET-BACK IN EGYPT, AND WE HAVE REASONABLE GROUND FOR THINKING THAT THAT SETBACK IS ONLY THE FORETASTE OF MORE TO COME.

It is possible, of course, that Hitler expects Tojo to relieve his Russian position by a "Pearl Harbour" stab in Stalin's back.

But winter is near, and a Siberian campaign in winter is not to the liking of the Japanese.

Moreover, Tojo has his hands pretty full in China, in the South Pacific and in Burma, and may well think twice before adding another major war to his commitments.

Finally, Hitler knows that a second winter in Russia will not be a repetition of the last in one respect. Already his cities are ablaze nightly, and our *blitzkrieg* has only begun.

And behind that overture great things are afoot and mighty armies and armaments are being assembled.

We do not know where the blow will be struck. General Smuts still insists that the vital theatre of the war is the Mediterranean and North Africa. And a significant remark of Mr. Willkie in Cairo shows that he shares his view.

WE MUST BE CONTENT TO GUESS. WE CAN BE THE MORE CONTENT TO BE LEFT GUESSING BECAUSE, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THIS WAR, HITLER IS LEFT GUESSING, TOO.

THERE COULD BE NO BETTER PROOF THAT THE INITIATIVE IS PASSING FROM HIM.

No longer is there any pretence of normal government in Germany, and it is clear what the supreme Nazi ruffian meant when he boasted that there would never be another 1918 in the Reich. He has laced the country with ruthless Black Guards

S.S. Get to Work on All Germans

A GERMAN farmer, after surveying the meagre results of a bad harvest, opened his morning paper last week and read a new order regulating the deliveries of all his farm produce to the official collection centres.

The order did not come from the German Ministry of Agriculture. It was signed by Heinrich Himmler, Chief of the Gestapo and Leader of the S.S. Black Guards.

Soon the S.S. men were posted outside the collection centres. They went to inspect the granaries, counted the cattle, checked the feeding stuff. They virtually moved in on the farms.

Himmler had entrusted the police and the S.S. with the collection of the harvest.

They're Everywhere

But what happened to the German farmers is happening in every other sphere of German public and private life. The S.S. and their leaders have been placed in complete control of agriculture and transport, of labour and industry, of law and health in Germany.

As another war winter approaches Hitler fears that the morale of the German people will sink with the mercury of their thermometers.

Already the Nazi Press admits "breaches of discipline" in queues. The first reliable report of a strike in a German mine has come to hand. German medical journals deal extensively with problems of war nerves and exhaustion.

Hitler is convinced that only the machine-guns of the S.S., the threat of death and concentration camps, can prevent a slump of morale such as—Goebbels and Goering have admitted it—nearly reached breaking-point last winter.

No sooner had Himmler's new agricultural order been published than German farmers received a taste of his methods.

The rural Press prominently displayed notices of executions of farmers who had slaughtered cattle without permission. It reported scores of cases in which others had been sent to prison or concentration camp for trivial offences of the complicated food laws.

Remembering the starvation rations of last winter farmers are hiding their crops and produce for sheer self-preservation. It is to deal with this instinct, which begins to guide large sections of the German population, that the S.S. Black Guard thugs are going into action on the German home front.

Creaking Transport

Take the case of the German transport workers.

German railway workers are reluctant to man the overworked, shoddily repaired locomotives. They do not want to risk their lives in dilapidated goods trains. They resent being held responsible for accidents which the condition of rolling stock makes almost unavoidable.

That is why the S.S. has been installed as railway police—not to guard the trains, but to impress the railway and transport workers with a "sense of Nazi duty."

The Nazi transport dictator and S.S. leader Werlin would interpret this duty as an obligation to rough-ride over a dilapidated rail system on which men are compelled to work fourteen to sixteen hours every day.

Only the machine-guns of the S.S., only the threat of death or concentration camp, can exact such effort from unwilling workers.

And only the S.S. can now solve the German man-power problem!

There are not enough workers available to feed the vast workshops of Germany. The Wehrmacht, facing a second war winter in Russia, cannot release men for production on the home front. Only brute force can extract double effort from half the number of workers.

But the S.S. must also guard the 4,000,000 foreign workers who form an unstable, unreliable element inside Germany. Confined to barracks in their leisure hours, forced to take inferior meals at community kitchens, they are under constant supervision by the factory police, which has now been reinforced by uniformed S.S. Guards.

Labour Leader, S.S. General Saukel, admittedly lacks the qualifications of training or experience for his job. But he knows how to crack a whip over the heads of workers in Germany. And that is all that counts to-day.

It is a small consolation for the workers to know that their industrial bosses are now equally feeling the grip of the Gestapo.

Even Nature!

S.S. men are rapidly replacing industrialists, directors and works managers who were forced to exchange their comfortable offices with the squalid huts of concentration camps.

Produce!—this is the order which S.S. leader Speer, Hitler's Minister of Production, has given to the industrialists. If they fail—no matter what the reason—out they go. The executioner lays down the law of German war production.

Produce—whatever the cost!

Even modern machinery and whole industrial plants must be melted down for scrap if it is not directly engaged in the war effort.

Produce!—not only materials but men.

Even the ex-Servicemen—the men discharged from the fighting forces because of wounds or bad health, are being combed-out again and many of them sent to the front.

And from the workers who are left an "impossible" output must be secured—or the Gestapo will want to know why.

The new Nazi method would seem to be very simple. The laws of nature, the limits of human endurance, no longer count. The needs of the mad Nazi leaders alone are the measure with which the German people must comply. Brute force dictates the summit of their achievement.

But this policy of despair is rapidly exacting the last ounce of strength from the German people. It cannot stop the rot of the human element. It cannot preserve the health of a nation which is being asked to do the impossible. Or can it?

Bully Saukel's chief qualification as Labour Chief is that he knows how to crack a whip

Hitler apparently thinks he can even dictate human nature. He is, in fact, trying to do so. He has appointed a health dictator for Germany, who, almost needless to say, is also an S.S. leader.

Woe to the exhausted German worker who takes a day off. Danger to the sick civilian who dares to call a doctor. Professor Brandt, the S.S. super-doctor, will teach Germans to keep fit even if they do not get enough to eat.

There is, as yet, no indication of how Brandt will accomplish his task. It is no secret that tired *Luftwaffe* pilots are given drugs to overcome exhaustion. And it looks as if the ingenious German chemical industry will be ordered to provide the workers with similar pick-me-ups.

Race of Slaves

There is no saying to what length the new German health dictator will go to avoid a physical break-down of the German people.

It is obvious that not even the brutal S.S. can maintain such conditions unless they are given complete control of the law. The appointment of a high S.S. leader as new German Minister of Justice is only a logical development of Hitler's whole policy.

That policy is to apply to their own people the hideous methods by which Hitler and Himmler rule the occupied countries.

It may help Hitler to survive another winter. But it provides proof of the low spirit in which the masters of the Blitzkrieg, the champions of quick victories, look forward to a longer war than they ever expected.

WILLIE FRISCHAUER.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' COMMENTS

SHOP SNEAKS MUST BE PUNISHED

SNEAKING, artful "Smart Alecs" are fouling the reputation of British justice.

They have been castigated by lawyers and politicians. They have aroused the contempt and indignation of all who know them for what they are.

But still they go on with their dirty trade.

They are the petty officials (petty in every sense of the word) who persuade small shopkeepers to break the law and then triumphantly prosecute them.

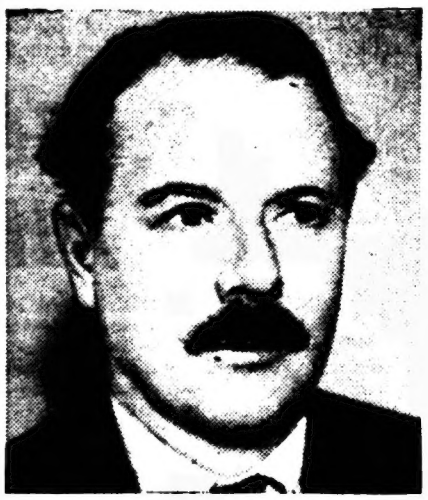
The French call them *agents provocateurs*, and I like to think that their business is as un-English as their description.

I am glad, therefore, that Lord Woolton has issued forceful instructions that the Ministry of Food must never employ them in order to obtain a prosecution.

Some other Government Departments have expressed disapproval of their mean tricks.

But disapproval is not enough. Every Ministry should issue clear-cut instructions which will emphasise the assurance of Mr. Attlee, Deputy Prime Minister, that all offending officials "will be suitably dealt with."

Otherwise, I am afraid, we shall hear of further cases of the kind that have prompted a protest from Mr. Harold Nicolson, M.P.



Mr. Harold Nicolson, M.P., reported the experience of a village store-keeper which is all too typical of what is going on

The victim was the owner of a little village store—a family business which had given honest service to its customers for generations.

Into the shop came a stranger whose clothes were dripping with rain. He had been caught by a storm while walking over the moors.

There was a two-hours' wait for his next train home, he explained, and his feet were so drenched that he feared he might get rheumatic fever unless he could buy new socks and shoes.

The friendly old shopkeeper was anxious to oblige. But there was the question of coupons.

Naturally, said the stranger, he hadn't taken clothing coupons for his walk across the moors. But he'd post them off without fail by the first available post.

As a "guarantee" of good faith he wrote down his name and address.

Then, when the goods had been handed over the counter, he announced that he was an agent of the Board of Trade. And the old shopkeeper was prosecuted and fined!

Pleaded with Her

Let me report, also, the explanation given by a stallholder to a London magistrate recently:

"She almost *pleaded* with me to let her have it, sir. And she promised faithfully to forward the coupons, saying that in her haste to 'shop early' she'd left them behind.

"I believed her to be a genuine, hard-working woman, so I obliged her."

He was summoned for supplying a garment without coupons.

For his customer, too, had been an official "investigator." She had posed as an ordinary customer and, to secure evidence to convict him, had *persuaded* him to break the law!

Of course, the stallholder was to blame. Of course, he should have obeyed the very letter of the law.

But, of course, he should not have been tempted by an official to commit even a technical offence!

"It does seem a little strange and certainly un-British," said a barrister defending a man who was convicted the other day, "that Government Departments should employ people to go round and deliberately tempt shopkeepers to break the law."

Sinister Meaning

The magistrate agreed that the Board of Trade representative in this case had used a certain amount of persuasion to secure a purchase without coupons.

That word "persuasion" is beginning to have a sinister sound for shopkeepers.

A woman who keeps a small shop in Hackney was summoned at North London police court a few weeks ago with selling a dress to a purchaser who turned out to be another of these mufti-protected officials.

The dress was part of genuinely damaged stock. Though she let it go at a small price as second-hand, she was fined.

Moreover, the Mayor of Stepney knows of several cases where tricks have been successfully tried on small traders in the East End.

Honest Mistakes

But the tricks are not employed only in the poor districts of great cities.

When a country fishmonger was prosecuted for selling a "witch" as a lemon sole, the magistrate said that it was obvious from the evidence that the inquirer-purchaser had gone into the shop with the definite intention of "getting" a prosecution.

Not long ago a young shop assistant, fresh to the counter, made a mistake in the price she charged a customer during a rush period.

A woman standing by, as though waiting her turn to shop, revealed herself as a Ministry of Food inspector and immediately reported the girl to the departmental chief.

The firm was summoned and fined.

"Inspectors" of her type are sometimes engaged by local area officials to "try out" shops suspected of contravening the regulations. Their job is to find something wrong, or detect an offence, and then report to their superior officers.

Cases are known where enforcement officers have actually waited outside a shop for such a "report," so that they could rush in and pursue the matter without delay!

But here is a relevant fact which I would impress upon all Government Departments.

The Summary Jurisdiction Act makes it an offence for anyone to "aid, abet, counsel or procure" someone to commit a punishable act!

It stipulates also that the police shall take action wherever such an offence has been committed.

Whether these "Smart Alecs" have brought themselves within the law is not for me to say. But they thoroughly deserve to find themselves in the same dock to which they have hauled their unfortunate victims.

HOW WAR SUFFERERS ARE VICTIMISED

A PERNICIOUS racket, carried on by harpies who profess to have occult powers, is assuming serious proportions.

Imposing on credulous relatives of Servicemen, especially those reported "Missing," some tell the most preposterous stories and give vivid descriptions of battles, air crashes and other war incidents not reported from any other sources.

Reputable organisations, including the Red Cross Society, are genuinely concerned about the growth of this evil, out of which some men and women are making as much as £50 a week.

One of their victims recently committed suicide; another has refused her pension in the belief that her husband is a prisoner of war although officially reported killed.

A third is trying to obtain news about some mythical Far East camp in which her husband, officially reported dead, is supposed to be incarcerated; and a fourth committed bigamy through a charlatan's assurance that her husband was dead.

Some humbugs give "Telepathic Readings," and, holding a Serviceman's letter near their heart, claim they can get into spiritual communication with him.

Recently, at Ludlow, an airman was given a graphic account of how he was shortly doomed to crash to death in flames!

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

A Leeds reader, who wishes to be anonymous, is awarded this week's £1 1s. for details of a catch-penny scheme.

Write about any matter calling for editorial comment or inquiry. Address: "Public Benefactor," JOHN BULL, 93/4, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

"SAY WHEN," Mr. WHITE

"IF the orders are NOT fulfilled, then will be the time to criticise!"

Thus wrote Frank J. White, of "Vancouver," Bilsington, near Ashford, Kent, last May, after he heard I was inquiring about his queer money-in-advance offer for fruit then ungrown.

White is now sending out a remarkable circular. It is worded to cope with every sort of complaint or communication likely to arrive for him during the indefinite period he is "obliged" to be absent from Bilsington "attending to harvesting at my West Country farm."

No matter whether clients write about the delayed dispatch of fruit they paid for months ago, or about such things as the satisfactory or unsatisfactory receipt of fruit, the same blissfully worded circular has to do for all.

"Your questions were justified," writes a Liverpool reader. "Up to date no fruit has arrived for my circle of friends here."

I would be glad if, from his unnamed West Country destination, Frank J. White would enlighten me.

SWAFFER ASKS . . .

ARE THERE TOO MANY POST-WAR CRUSADES?

● Almost every day there is some fresh spokesman who gets up and talks of post-war planning in one sphere or another.

Continually, new groups are formed to ensure greater post-war equality.

Some of the talkers and society founders are idealists. Some are opportunists. Some merely wish to safeguard their own interests.

On the other hand, most of them are evidence of well-meaning, if blundering, desires to effect improvement.

I am frequently asked to join, or even lead, one or the other of these groups.

Personally, I would like to see them all linked up with Common Wealth, which includes not only the followers of J. B. Priestley but many Anglicans who, with Sir Richard Acland as their missionary, follow the new Archbishop of Canterbury.

WHAT IS THE PRIMATE DOING?

● Dr. Temple, promoted to the See of Canterbury, despite Tory opposition, and amid doubts from the Left, soon did a lot to implement his Malvern speech.

A committee of industrialists, economists and theologians worked out a plan which sought to make Christian idealism a practical reality.

This week, he will launch at the Albert Hall, with his brother of York supporting him, a social crusade in which hundreds of thousands of the younger Anglicans are enthusiastically joining.

"The Labour Party has lost its soul," said the Rev. T. P. R. Kirk, whose Industrial Christian Fellowship really began this, with Woodbine Willie as the missioner, after the last war. "We must do its job," he added.

Has the Church discovered one?

If Dr. Temple succeeds—and he faces bitter opposition among the older clergy—the Church of England will take on a new life. If he fails, it will, in my view, gradually sink into a small sect.

ARE WE BAD HOSTS?

● There are complaints on all sides that we are not doing enough to make our American guests welcome, that we are frigid and insular and bad mixers.

While this is partly true, and more should be done for our trans-Atlantic allies now in their thousands on our island, the American generals and the people in Washington argue that Americans are here, not to have a good time, but to do a job.

"And the sooner that job is done, the better," they say. "Our men are not to be pampered. They are here, first, for training, and then for battle."

HOW HAS WAR AFFECTED ART?

● Literature and music seem to have suffered most in quality.

War-books, naturally, have poured from the publishers; some have been frankly revealing. Scarcely any first-rate fiction has appeared. A flood of "tough guy" indecencies had to be stopped by the Public Prosecutor.

Popular music became so slushy that the B.B.C. tried to raise its standard.

Certainly, the standard of plays is higher than it was in the last war; but there has been nothing of outstanding merit.

The revival of four old-time musical comedies, including one, "The Belle of New York," written nearly fifty years ago, is significant.

Painting is the only art that, in Britain, has been stimulated by the war. That, though, is the only one that has been endowed by the State.

STRATEGICAL SURPRISE

MR. MOPP replaced his half-emptied tankard on the counter in the public bar of the "Green Man" and glared round at his companions.

"There isn't a German on earth could make *me* run," he declared.

"Garn!" said old Joe. "You'd be outside and through the hedge and over the Five Acre Field and into the woods before any of us could say knife."

"Not a German," repeated Mr. Mopp, ignoring old Joe's interruption. "Not a dozen Germans. Not if they was to have landed and be coming down the street now."

"The Germans couldn't land here," said the landlord, stroking his nose.

"All you know," said Mr. Mopp.

"Reckon they could?" asked young Bert, who was propped up against the wall.

On the wall behind him was a large map. Mr. Mopp brushed young Bert aside and pointed to a jiggley bit in the corner of the map.

"There!" he said.

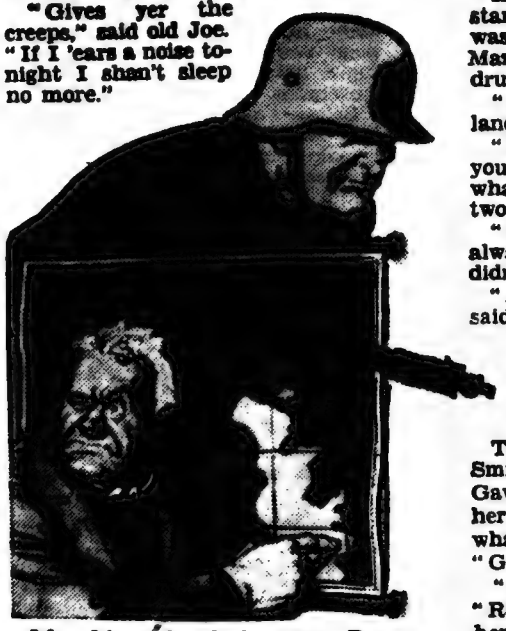
"Ah!" said the landlord.

"Reckon they could?" young Bert repeated.

"Easy," said Mr. Mopp, "as pie."

"Coo!" said the landlord.

"Gives yer the creeps," said old Joe. "If I 'ears a noise to-night I shan't sleep no more."



Mr. Mopp brushed young Bert aside and pointed to a jiggley bit in the corner of the map.

"Damn silly way o' talking," said young Bert.

"'Ow d'yer mean?" demanded Mr. Mopp.

"Damn silly way of talking," said young Bert. "Puttin' the breeze up people. And pointin' out places on maps. You never know who's listenin'."

"All pals 'ere," said Mr. Mopp.

"You never know *who's* listening," young Bert said again. "It's a damn silly way o' talkin'."

"If a thing's true it's true," Mr. Mopp said doggedly, once more jabbing his finger on the jiggley bit in the corner of the map. "Look at it!" he snorted, as if you'd only to look at it to have the enemy actually in the public bar of the "Green Man."

Young Bert and his pal Smithey pulled their caps down at an angle and made for the door.

"Damn silly way o' talking," said young Bert. And out they went.

"Isn't it?" said young Bert as they walked up the street. "Things get repeated and magnified. Mopp ought to keep his trap closed. But, of course, you know what he's like when he gets a pint or two inside of him."

"Yers," said Smithey.

He called in at the Post Office for some stamps and told Mrs. Miffit there what was happening down at the "Green Man," and what he thought of Mr. Mopp, drunk or sober.

"Actually says the Germans could land *here*?" said Mrs. Miffit.

"Tellin' the whole wide world," said young Bert. "But, of course, you know what he's like when he gets a pint or two inside of him."

"That's a fact," said Mrs. Miffit. "He always did have to let his chin wag, didn't he?"

"And pointin' out places on maps," said young Bert.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Miffit.

"Too much careless talk," said young Bert.

"That's a fact," agreed Mrs. Miffit.

Ten minutes after young Bert and Smithey had left the post office Mr. Gawp came in, and, feeling that it was her public duty, Mrs. Miffit told him what was happening down at the "Green Man."

"Well, I never!" said Mr. Gawp. "Reckons the Germans could land *here*?"

"Pointing out the actual places on a map," said Mrs. Miffit.

"JOHN BULL'S" SHORT STORY. By WILL SCOTT

"That's a very careless thing to do," said Mr. Gawp.

"Well, that Mr. Mopp always was a one for blowing when he'd had a drop too much," said Mrs. Miffit.

Mr. Gawp agreed. Too much careless talk altogether, he told Mrs. Miffit. And five minutes later he told Mr. Brown at the hardware. And five minutes after that Mr. Brown told Miss Whistle.

And when Miss Whistle saw Police-constable Spicer talking to Mrs. Mopp at Mrs. Mopp's gate (about the way her tomatoes were coming on) she felt in duty bound to stop and save her country from disaster.

"I hear your husband is being very indiscreet down at the 'Green Man,'" she said in her loudest voice. "Not only saying the Germans can land here, but pointing out the very place on a map."

"Wot's all this 'ere?" demanded Police-constable Spicer, pricking up his ears.

Miss Whistle, glad of the limelight, proceeded to tell him what all this 'ere was.

"Ar!" said Police-constable Spicer.

Police-constable Spicer pushed back the door of the "Green Man's" public bar and went in. Mr. Mopp was still demonstrating with the help of his map.

"Wot's this I 'ear?" asked Police-constable Spicer.

Everybody stopped talking, and even Mr. Mopp moved an inch or two away from his map.

"Depends what you've been 'earin'," said the landlord.

"You!" said Police-constable Spicer, pointing to Mr. Mopp.

"Me?" said Mr. Mopp.

"Yes, you."

Mr. Mopp began to look a shade pale.

"Wot about me?" he wanted to know.

"Careless talk!" said Police-constable Spicer.

"Coo!" said somebodv.

"'Ow d'yer mean?" said Mr. Mopp.

"You know very well wot I mean," said Police-constable Spicer. "All about the Germans landin' 'ere and wot not, an' pointin' out the very place on that there map. You think nobody 'ears; you think nobody talks. But that's where you're wrong, my lad."

"'Ow—er—'ow d'yer mean?" said Mr. Mopp, who now looked two shades pale.

"Your trouble always was that you couldn't keep your trap shut," said Police-constable Spicer. "Not when you'd got a pint or two in your skin. You've got to blow, 'aven't you? Well, this time you 'aven't half done a blow, take it from me."

"'Ow d'yer mean?" said Mr. Mopp.

"When careless talk gets started it ain't only the careless talker wot talks," said Police-constable Spicer. "Others like to take a hand. Young Bert, f'rinstance."

"Coo!" said somebody.

"'E," said Police-constable Spicer, "tells Mrs. Miffit at the post office, an' she tells Mr. Gawp, and before you know where you are it's all over the village."

"Coo!" said somebody.

"Miss Whistle it was told me," said Police-constable Spicer. "As I was standin' at *your* gate, talkin' to *your* missus. Blows as 'ard as ever you did, she did. And now your missus knows that you're out on the soak again down here at the 'Green Man,' after promisin' 'er faithful——"

Mr. Mopp turned three shades pale.

"CARELESS talk," said Police-constable Spicer, "never got no one nowhere. As soon as your missus 'ears she flops indoors and puts the kids to bed and gets out the rollin' pin——"

Mr. Mopp, now the most ghastly shade of pale that had ever been seen in the village, pulled his hat close down upon his ears and hurried out to the lane, the others crowding behind him.

At the top of the lane was an ominous figure, coming nearer with every second, a rolling-pin waving in its hand.

"Wot did I tell you?" said Police-constable Spicer. "Careless talk——"

But Mr. Mopp wasn't waiting for a lecture.

He was across the lane and through the hedge and over the Five Acre Field and into the woods before anybody outside the "Green Man" could say knife.

EASILY FORGOTTEN WISDOM

HUMAN MACHINE

Literature is full of bits of wisdom that are all too often read and forgotten.

Disraeli said: "The secret of success is constancy of purpose," and Florence Nightingale: "It is not a matter of having a lot of brains, but of using all we have."

Oliver Wendell Holmes said something when he remarked: "The race is divided into two classes: those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit still and inquire."

The late Sir Oliver Lodge made a cap that would fit a great many people when he said: "To assert, requires knowledge; to deny, requires much more knowledge."

A friend called on Michael Angelo when he was finishing a statue. Some time afterwards he called again. The sculptor was still at his work.

Looking at the figure, his friend said: "You have been idle since I saw you last."

"By no means," said the sculptor. "I have retouched this part, polished that; softened this feature and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, more energy to this limb."

"Well, well," said his friend, "but these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but remember that trifle makes perfection, and perfection is no trifle!"

THESE CARELESS TALKERS

ADOLPH'S listening. At least, we're told so. If he is, and if he's listening to all of it, he must be suffering from a bad attack of earache.

Myself, I don't listen to careless talk any more. Life is too short.

In the early days of the war I used to listen to as much of it as came my way. It seemed a rather thrilling occupation in those distant times. What the baker's young woman's brother's young woman's father knew for a fact. . . . .

But I had to give it up. There was such a lot of careless talk, and it was so very careless.

★ ★ ★

The last example, which really cured me, was about the regiment which is stationed in my part of the world.

Three Mondays ago the careless talkers assured me that the regiment was going. Going on the Tuesday. It was a FACT. They were going on the Tuesday. To Egypt. To Iceland. To India. To Russia.

Which seemed generous, for careless talk, but not quite right in its head.

When the regiment didn't go on Tuesday, I was assured it was going on the Wednesday. It was a FACT. And a Scottish regiment was to follow it in in my part of the world.

And on the Wednesday it was going on the Thursday and a French Canadian regiment was to follow it in. This was a FACT.

It was enough for me, anyway. I have now given up careless listening for the duration. Adolph can listen if he likes, but I'm through.

It seems to me, though, that if Adolph listens half as attentively as he is supposed to do he must have had to build a gigantic new *Karelesstalkpalast* somewhere in Berlin to hold all the files that hold all the careless talk that's been going on here in the last three years.

And when it comes to sorting the wheat from the chaff (as, for instance, trying to find out what *is* happening about the regiment in my part of the world) he must feel, sometimes, like putting his head in a fire.

I don't know how many thousands of pounds we have spent on anti-careless talk propaganda during the war. Films, booklets, plays, speeches. And those funny little coloured pictures in pubs.

Yet people are still carelessly talking. I wonder if they can be stopped. And sometimes I wonder if it's worth while stopping them.

★ ★ ★

The truth is dangerous when it gets out on its own. But when it gets out with two or three dozen good big lies (called FACTS) at the same time, it is merely headaching.

If careless talk can't be stopped, I'd encourage it. I'd have official careless talkers going about spreading the oddest rumours on trains and in pubs and everywhere else.

I'd pump out so many lies disguised as FACTS that in the end Adolph would get as sick of listening as I am now.

I'd pump out so many lies disguised as FACTS that in the end he'd go mad trying to keep check of them all.

Or madder. . . .

A. G.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one Published—more if a good adventure story used at greater length—and all letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

VOICE OF THE TROOPS

HERE is a description of "Action" in the Channel between a patrol of our light forces and a German convoy. Leading Seaman A. E. Collins tells the story in a letter to a friend in London:

At 1.30 a.m. we were somewhere in the Channel, a few miles from the French coast. Visibility was poor, and there was no sound as the patrol crept inshore.

Then suddenly the sky was filled with bursting star-shells, showing us the outline of several "E" boats—and, of course, revealing our presence to the enemy.

We had our orders swift and clear. The patrol shot forward with a roar, and almost before Jerry knew what was happening we were among the "E" boats.

For a time the night seemed loud with bursting shells. Our gunners put in some fine work silencing the guns on four enemy craft.

One shell hit our wheelhouse, wounding the captain very badly, but he carried on.

As we swung round we ran into a cross-fire from several armed trawlers and the engine-room was hit. But we had done more damage than we had received.

With searchlights picking us out and shells falling uncomfortably close, the crew got busy, repaired the engine, and we got away.

On our way back we attended the wounded and plugged the shell-holes on the water-line. Meanwhile, we had the assistance of a Fighter escort and R.A.F. rescue launches came out to us with doctors and emergency medical supplies.

We got home after a very hectic "scrap," in which we gave Jerry much more than he wanted.

A HAZARDOUS RETREAT

Now to India, where Driver A. G. Beck, R.A.S.C., who came through the Burma campaign, tells of the hardships of war in a letter to his wife at West Somerton, Great Yarmouth:

We marched practically all day and night in our retreat from Burma, and I shall never forget it.

My poor old feet and legs were in a terrible state, but we had to keep on going. We stumbled down narrow paths on the mountains, with a drop of many thousand feet below us. Sometimes we had to slide down on our backsides, as it was too steep to walk.

Sorry I had to leave all my stuff behind, including a handbag I had bought for you, but never had a chance to send them. The two ebony elephants I bought in Ceylon also went "West."

One thing I did stick to was a Bible which I got in Rangoon for Gina. I hope to bring that home with me.

OUT IN THE BLUE

In between duties, Driver M. J. Hitch, R.A.S.C., serving with the M.E.F., finds time to write home to his mother at Lynch Lane, Fowlmer, Royston, Herts:

It is 2.30 p.m. and I have just had a few hours off duty. In fact, I have just finished washing out a few smalls—I won't say that they are snow-white, but they are less dirty than when I started on them.

My next job is to put a new heel in one of my socks, which seems to be more hole than sock at the moment.

We are out in the desert, properly "out in the blue," and it is not too bad under canvas. Our chief trouble is fleas, thousands of them, and they seem to eat lumps out of you when you're not looking. We get a weekly issue of flea powder, but the damned insects seem to thrive on it.

Jerry started his tricks again, but we gave him the worst of the deal—pity we are not so successful against those ——— fleas.

FEIGNED DUMBNESS

And here is a queer story from Cairo, told in a letter from Pte. H. Byron to his relatives at St. Helens Road, Eccleston:

In a small hotel where the lads go sometimes for a sing-song and a drink there was a queer little waiter known to all and sundry as "Dummy." The story was that although dumb from birth he could hear perfectly.

Then came a night when we were all very merry, including "Dummy," who had been "treated" so well that he was slightly "under the weather." We were having our final drink and the toast was "The King."

At that moment "Dummy," under the stress of emotion and alcohol, forgot himself and muttered something—to everybody's astonishment.

A burly Essex lad grabbed him at once and said in a slow drawl: "Now, out with it—the game's up."

"Dummy" then begged for mercy, and explained in broken English that he was a deserter from the German army!

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

Now a sailor's experience from the Arctic. Writer is G. Taverner, supply assistant on a British warship, and the letter was to his cousin at 109, Somerton Road, Newport, Mon:

We were with other ships when four German aircraft spotted us.

We could tell from the way they were hovering that they were out for trouble.

After a quarter of an hour they launched a dive-bombing attack.

Soon there were more 'planes about—from twenty to twenty-five, I should estimate.

As we fired, one jettisoned its bombs wide of the ship and plunged into the sea. Another followed. Then a third said good-bye to its Fatherland.

And we got away with no casualties.

Later a German reconnaissance 'plane picked us up again. It disappeared—no doubt to report our position.

Soon came an attack from torpedo bombers—among them at least eight H.E. 115's, four H.E. 111's, and a minimum of twenty Ju. 88's.

They attacked for three hours. It was far more vicious than the last attack I mentioned.

We had two certainties—four probables. And we were not hurt.

Then came the report of a U-boat in the vicinity. It is probable we had been shadowed before this by several U-boats.

It was sunk. We came out unharmed, and, even if they enjoyed their mixed attacks, we soon made them hot and uncomfortable.

We enjoyed it more—and we suffered no casualties.

LIFE IN THE JUNGLE

R.M. Pickles, now stationed in Colombo, seems to have made the acquaintance there of almost everything from laughing hyenas to chattering monkeys. He writes to his mother at Black Buts Lane, Walney:

This war has taken me to some strange places, but this one is about the queerest. We are on the edge of a jungle and about twenty yards from the beach.

It is quiet during the day, but at night it is weird. There are monkeys chattering, jackals screaming and hyenas laughing their blooming heads off and kicking up a fuss generally. Some of the lads hate it. They complain that these night noises ain't human, and how right they are!

Yesterday a pal of mine made rude noises to a monkey high up in a tree. This seemed to annoy the monkey, who, waiting for his opportunity, threw a cocoanut, which landed on my pal's head. He was "out" for a count of ten.

What with snakes and other things, we have plenty to keep us interested, but I don't want to stay here too long. All the best and lots of love.

PITY THE NEIGHBOURS

Pte. John Harris, who was captured at Dunkirk and lost his equipment on that occasion, has not lost his sense of humour. He is a prisoner at Stalag VIIIB, and writes to his mother at Parkend Road, Gloucester:

Altogether I have had about ninety letters from home, for which my best thanks. They are a godsend.

I don't need to ask if all of you at home have plenty of work, but don't wear yourselves out, because when I come home there will be plenty of movement.

Believe it or not—I am having lessons in music and soon I hope to start learning to play the trumpet. How I succeed in my efforts remains to be seen—and heard.

I hope to buy a trumpet here, so Heaven help the people in Parkend Road when I come home. I'll show 'em how to play. Fancy us having a musician in the family after all these years!

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

"BABY" allowance during the nine months of pregnancy should be paid to wives of Servicemen, and a maternity gratuity at birth. Mothers could then afford the nourishing food needed to produce a healthy baby and not be worried by extra expense while convalescing after the birth.—Mrs. Gunning, Bagill, Flintshire.

★ ★ ★

Preliminary form from War Damage Commission arrived with a compliments sheet, measuring 7 in. by 4¼ in., containing thirteen words. Why waste valuable paper when compliments could be stamped on form?—J. Langley, Winton, Bournemouth.

★ ★ ★

My thirty-seven-year-old wife is working eight hours a day on the land. Apparently she is not doing enough, as she has been notified to attend employment exchange for an interview, twice in eight weeks. They suggest that she should return to brush-making and leave the more important work on the land!—J. Bartram, Wortham, Diss.

★ ★ ★

I counted six vans delivering milk in a street of 200 houses. Two vans belonged to the same firm. Makes you wonder if we really are at war.—A. B. Macfarlan, Edinburgh.

★ ★ ★

Loud-speakers should be installed in 'buses with microphone near the driver. In the black-out he is the only one sure of stopping points, which he could announce when reached.—J. Perry, Park Road, Exmouth.

★ ★ ★

There has been a glut of cabbages and lettuces, and hundreds of tons have gone to waste. If this food is sent to the markets, prices realised don't pay for harvesting and carriage. Who gets the profits from excessive prices charged to the public?—R. Gould, Cheddar.

HUMANIST IS ASKED: CAN DREAMS CONVEY

★ Every week Humanist tackles a postbag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

SCARCELY a week passes without my getting letters from readers about dreams.

"A few weeks ago," *writes a girl*, "I met a young man at a dance. He seemed a thoroughly decent fellow, good-looking, well-spoken, and well-mannered; but it was his dancing that really entranced me.

"From start to finish he never made a wrong step. Since then we have been going out together quite a lot and have been blissfully happy until a few nights ago when I began having horrible dreams.

"It has come three nights in succession, and I confess it is causing me a great deal of anxiety. I find myself dancing with him in a luxurious ballroom to the strains of a Viennese waltz. Then suddenly the music stops, and I look up to see my friend crouching over me with a frightful look on his face and a knife in his hand.

"The knife comes nearer and nearer until it is within an inch of my face, and I wake up with perspiration streaming down my face. What I want to know is whether this dream is a warning, telling me to beware of the man. I am very fond of him and would not like anything to break up this friendship."

". . . I wake up with perspiration streaming down my face"

★ ★ ★

As I have said before, it is impossible to guess what a dream signifies without knowing a great deal about the dreamer. If the man is a maniac the girl may have subconsciously caught his thoughts, and in that case the less she sees of him the better. But it is just as likely that the dream originates from secret lurking fears of men in her unconscious mind.

A dream of being murdered need not necessarily represent a fear of murder. It may be something quite different. But the same dream recurring indicates

No Job Too Hard for Our Women

By MAURICE FAGENCE

More than 50,000 women and girls have replaced men on the railways. Here's one tackling heavy couplings.

IT'S not so long ago that our fighting men were short of pretty well everything except guts and determination.

To-day it is different.

Ships glide down the slipways almost daily.

Tanks come off the assembly lines in hundreds.

Single aircraft factories have built six machines before the "dinner break."

And we actually make one article of war equipment which, with the transport necessary to carry it, would fill several 10,000-ton cargo boats.

British industry accomplishes what we would have called miracles two years ago.

And it would be impossible *to-day* if it were not for the fact that 30 per cent. of the output of our war factories is the work of women's hands.

Yet women aren't having the simplest, lightest jobs picked for them. Consider a few more figures.

They fill 1,003 different munition jobs. In 950 of them they work alongside men, often strong men, doing the same work at the same money.

Heavy lifting alone beats them, as it beats many men. But intolerable heat doesn't. Nor does din.

Nor does the necessity of working in precarious positions.

And nor does the necessity of being secretive about the work they do, for all the rude talk about a woman's tongue!

For instance, two months ago the Ministry of Home Security wanted five women for highly confidential work—and strange work, too!

The women—their names cannot be revealed yet—had to train as rigorously as Commandos.

They had to be self-possessed, able to stand the worst weathers in the open-air, not afraid of nights spent in the dark at lonely spots, strong, athletic, able to cut wire—and so secretive that they wouldn't describe the nature of their work even to their own families.

Trusted with Secrets

One of the women picked is the mother of two. The second is a telephone operator, the third a shop assistant, the fourth a manicurist, the fifth the mother of four children.

They have to go all over Britain without giving their relatives any reason for their absence—starting off at a few minutes' notice.

They are entrusted with highly confidential military information which the enemy would dearly like to know about.

But not until after the war will they tell even their own folk about their fascinating work.

In fact, so secretive have they proved that fifty more women are being appointed to follow them into the unknown!

Then there are the spear-head troops of the woman's munition army, working under Mrs. Calder, thirty-eight-year-old Ministry of Labour officer.

They number thousands. They used to sell lingerie, or display pretty frocks, or file letters.

A broken electric-light fitment, in those days, was a minor tragedy, calling for the immediate attention of a man. A journey miles from home was an event.

To-day they rush to new munition factories to give them and their new staffs a start.

Before the factory paint is dry they have to uproot themselves to travel to another town hundreds of miles away, finding new "digs," making new friends, and then, at two hours' notice, having to rush away again.

Girls have gone into smelting furnaces as crane drivers, carrying cauldrons of boiling, hissing metal from point to point.

Before the war they never handled metal hotter than curling-tongs.

And typists have become iron puddlers in tropical tumultuous Midlands foundries where tanks and gun-turrets are made, without any of the headaches which clattering typewriters used to give them—and without the aspirins!

It is as interesting to see what these women *used* to be as what they are to-day.

One million and a half of them were in domestic service—not necessarily wearing cap and apron, but yearning for a broader horizon.

Half a million were shop assistants. More than 100,000 were barmaids or waitresses.

To-day the "over fifties"—women who used to be turned down so scornfully as too old for the labour market, are doing their old jobs—and well!

And Britain's younger women get on with those 1,003 war jobs.

They are manning steam-driven and horse-drawn barges, an essential part of our war transport system. There are actually barges on which no man sets foot!

The long, lonely reaches of the canals have no terrors for them, even at dead of night.

Railway-Guards

The railways are using them pretty well everywhere except on the footplate.

And, anyhow, they have reached the other end of the train, for both L.M.S. and L.N.E.R. are appointing women railway-guards.

Women acetylene welders are doing major repair jobs on the rolling stock of London underground and 'bus services.

It is an impressive fact that the London Passenger Transport Board has 3,048 women working on its vehicles as "crew."

But the Board actually employs 10,000 women, and some, such as capstan lathe operators and boiler attendants, have penetrated very deeply into man's peace time preserves.

There are even women blacksmiths.

One, twenty-three-year-old Mrs. Edna Hind, wife of a Hull docker, actually spends eight and a half hours a day as a blacksmith's striker, bending and twisting steel bars into war munitions under the weight of her 12-lb. hammer.

They are working in the Clyde and Tyne shipyards as riveters, welders and electricians—helping to give us those "More Ships: Quickly" that are so essential to victory.

Clever Engineers

And you'll find some of the 100,000 women the Post Office has engaged for war time doing engineering jobs on the telephone lines in the bleakest, loneliest places.

Yet one is too apt to spot-light a woman's job when it is spectacular.

One forgets the tens of thousands of women, like Mrs. Harriet Cattell and Mrs. Elizabeth Blair, of Birmingham.

Both are over sixty. Both have taken jobs as labourers in factories, which means pushing trucks about the factories from eight till five.

They don't enjoy such hard work—but they do enjoy playing their little part in the overthrowing of what General Wavell called that "tin-horn gambler, Hitler," and all his shady hangers-on.

We used to think of war in terms of man-power. But now we have to look at it in another way.

Britain has 20,000,000 adult women in all.

Those who have already gone into war work, to free men to fight and to swell the output of guns, ships, tanks, ammunition, 'planes and bombs, represent but a small fraction of those yet to be called.

It means that our main labour reserves are in women eager to work for victory—Nazi Germany's in the slave labour of oppressed peoples.

Hitler, you may remember, has spoken and written belittingly of women, even of his own women.

Well, *our* women are going to teach him!

A WARNING?

some persistent worry, but more than that one cannot say.

★ ★ ★

Another reader says:

"I have a fear which has completely ruined my life. When I was young I was like other boys till a chap told me about ghosts. He said they were evil spirits which got hold of you at night. From that hour I never had an unbroken sleep, and I became a bundle of nerves.

"I used to call myself a coward because other lads were not afraid, but my own fears got so bad that I used to think I could feel ghosts crawling over me in bed.

"The curious thing is that I kept perfectly calm and self-possessed in air raids, but if anyone mentions the word 'ghosts' I break into a sweat, and I have a feeling of cold water running down my spine.

"All this may seem absurd to you, as I am turned thirty-eight; but, argue as I will, I cannot rid my mind of this fear."

That is the worst of fears that are implanted early in life. They sink so deep that reasoning cannot reach them. The most obvious moral of such a story is the harm that can be done by talking about ghosts to young children. The subject should never be hinted at. But when ghost stories have already been heard or read, I suggest another story which makes the ghost appear a subject for laughter—*e.g.*, "The Canterville Ghost," by Wilde.

When I was in my early teens I was told that a ghost was to be seen at a certain country churchyard, and went to investigate. I saw nothing supernatural, but I met an old man who had a theory all of his own.

"Stands to reason," he said, "that a body can't get up when there's six feet of solid earth on it. If the soul is in heaven it won't want to come back, and if it's in the other place the devil wouldn't let it!"

Most of the troubles of private people could be cured by the application of robust common-sense, contends a man, who writes:

"I have been twice in a sanatorium, and I have been in bed for the last five months. The doctor allowed one of the patients—a young chap of twenty-four—to get up for two hours the other week. He had a cheery word for everybody, and gave us an imitation of the Sheik of Araby doing a tango!

"A few days later he was dead. Another man has been confined to his bed for fifteen years with spinal injuries, but he never complains and shows to the world a bright, happy smile.

"My wife has had me on her hands for seven years. People all say she is a regular brick—she always has a smile and a kind word.

"Does God give a special kind of happiness to people when their outlook is (or should be) quite hopelessly black?"

★ ★ ★

There is a good deal in what the man says. It reminds me of a story about a woman who faced a lion without turning a hair, but screamed in distress at the sight of a mouse.

I once heard of a man who won the V.C. funking a visit to the dentist. Human nature is full of these paradoxes.

UNDAUNTED

WHAT lies ahead? That no man knows, for the roads are all with God, but looking back we see the strange and awful way we've trod. The shadows lie upon our hearts of the heavy tasks we've done, but the lighted way to Victory is still unknown, un-won. And the Torch of Faith is in our hands and we go forward with its light, along the Roads of God, to do His Will with all our might. J. M.

YOU'RE IN THIS!

JAPAN fools herself we shall lose this war for want of rubber.

But she's got to reckon with you—and millions like you.

Told the following facts, you will knock Japan's schemes awry.

It's true you can't win a war without rubber.

Every warship needs scores of tons: a giant bomber nearly a ton; a Churchill tank 1½ cwt.

When our bombers reach home with an engine "dead," it's rubber that got them home.

Machine-gun bullets tear through the tanks of our fighter aircraft.

Rubber self-seals the holes.

And rubber for Mae West jackets and rubber dinghies saves our brave crews from the sea.

Then this is a mechanised war. WE MUST HAVE RUBBER.

Where is it?

The Japs burnt out with incendiaries 41 per cent. of the world's sources.

Altogether, Jap treachery enabled them to close 90 per cent. of the world's sources to us.

But we needn't worry while the people of the United Nations do their duty.

And that duty is to save every particle.

Waste is now an offence.

But you're going to put on one side for salvage every disused or discarded article made wholly or partially of rubber, *because it is your duty.*

You'll preach everywhere: Every bit counts.

You are going to make those Japs look silly

42's-50's

why the rapidly expanding

R.A.F.

wants you

Only the young, absolutely fit man can fly, but *you* — men of 42-50—can equally well do many essential ground jobs and so release a younger man for more active duties. Volunteer today at the R.A.F. section of your nearest Combined Recruiting Centre (address from any Employment Exchange) or post coupon (unsealed envelope, 1d. stamp).

GROUND TRADES AVAILABLE

Experience not required

CLERKS
EQUIPMENT ASSISTANTS
AIRCRAFTHANDS
FLIGHT MECHANICS
ARMOURERS
SHOEMAKERS
COOKS
— Ages 42-50

MEDICAL ORDERLIES Ages 42-45 (42-50 for men with St. John Ambulance or Red Cross training).

Experience required

ACCOUNTING CLERKS
BARBERS
DRIVERS (MOTOR TRANSPORT). Need not hold driving licence.
MOTOR TRANSPORT MECHANICS
— Ages 42-50

To Air Ministry Information Bureau, Kingsway, London, W.C.2. Please send me information regarding R.A.F. trades for men 42-50.

NAME.....

ADDRESS

G270/12/9x

Not a Trace of PAIN Now!

THAT Neuralgia pain has quite gone ..... thanks to the effect of Beecham's Powders. Why don't you try them too? They really are splendid for Summer Aches and Pains, Hay Fever, Rheumatic Twinges, Nervous Headaches and Lumbago. Their special powder form makes them QUICKER ACTING and MORE CERTAIN in results.

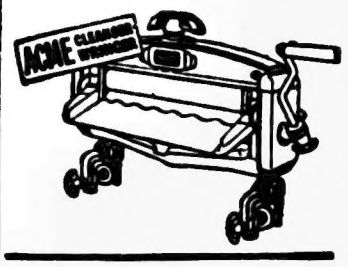
Prices in Great Britain (Including Purchase Tax) Carton of 6 Powders 1/4. Single Powders 2½d each

BEECHAM'S POWDERS

Can that be the Rectory?

It's more like a laundry. And, of course, it is. You can't accommodate twenty small evacuees without telling the world it's

washing day . . . And they've only one Acme at the Rectory—and no chance of buying another till after the war. But that's what's happening to Acmes all over the country—they're standing up to mountains of extra war-work but never complaining . . .



LAST LAUGH

G. H. (Aylesbury).—"I'll bet you sometimes tear up my letters before reading them?" Sometimes?

D. R. (Putney).—"I saw a new play in which there was blackmail, kidnapping, shooting, stabbing, suicide, torture and murder." You must have left the theatre greatly refreshed by an evening's escape from the grim realities of black-out, no petrol, utility clothes and war time sausages.

E. L. (Swanage).—"Inmates of one American prison have pocket-money, radio sets, football matches and cinema shows." We understand that searchlights and machine-guns on the walls minimise the risk of anybody breaking in.

B. S. (Wapping).—"A man with a bag of tools knocked at the back door and pretended he was a plumber sent by the landlord to do some repairs. After he had gone we found that a lot of money was missing." Didn't the fact that he had a bag of tools with him arouse any suspicion in your mind?

A. V. (Dundee).—"The black-out causes many accidents. For instance, last week I tripped over the kerb, collided with a street lamp, and arrived home with two black eyes." That's your story, and you're going to stick to it.

Miss B. (Farnborough).—"I'm sorry I have ever read your paper." We accept your apology.

CLARENCE (Harpenden). — "I've got to go to work again, and I don't feel up to it." Never mind. Get down to it.

J. M. (Warrington).—"The improvement in typewriters during the last twenty years has been extraordinary." Many a business man, however, is looking forward to the time when he can provide his typist with a machine that can spell.

T. F. (Liverpool).—"An employer of a Berlin bank was arrested for falsifying the accounts." Probably his idea was to catch the eye of Dr. Goebbels in the hope of obtaining a position on the Ministry of Propaganda.

C. W. (Ivybridge).—"Germans are forbidden to send the Fuehrer personal gifts." In fact, a lady got into serious trouble for knitting him a warm pullover for the Russian winter.

N. Y. (Christchurch). — "Burglars who broke into my house stole some manuscripts of short stories I had written, but they were pushed into my letter-box the next day." Is that quicker than they usually come back?

OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Hum . . ."

Side-Slips

BOARD OF TRADE JOURNAL: "The manufacture and supply of spectacle frames, hair slides, hair-grips and BOMBS will, however, be permitted."

NOTTINGHAM EVENING NEWS: ". . . a ten-year-old boy who was WRITTEN by an adder near his home at ——."

NORTHAMPTON CHRONICLE AND ECHO: "Both prosecuting and defence counsel remained SEALED whilst questioning witnesses (contrary to British practice)."

BRISTOL EVENING WORLD: "'I took it because we have no coal at home,' was the excuse given by ——, a 30-years-old married LORRY. . . ."

GLASGOW EVENING NEWS.—"Mr. Justice —— made that comment at —— Assizes in his HUMMING-up, which he continued to-day. . . ."

SHIELDS GAZETTE. — "American forces have recaptured some 5,000 square SMILES. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● In the last war Charles Venn saw active service in the Dardanelles, Palestine, Sudan, Salonika, and Albania.

Now he is a helpless cripple, paralysed, and totally unfit for work. He has no pension.

His sole income is £1 a week, out of which he pays insurance and 6s. rent. The rapidly increasing cost of living makes life more and more difficult for this afflicted man.

We rely on our readers to do all they can to bring some cheer into this man's life. Donations earmarked "Paralysed," or for our General Fund, should be sent to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Acknowledgments are sent where names and addresses are given, but we are equally grateful to those who send donations anonymously. Lists of subscriptions are kept at this office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Every penny you send will be passed to those in need, for all administration expenses are gladly borne by JOHN BULL.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*

Result of "BULLETS" 1,339

FIRST PRIZE £50

S. Newman, 14, Marlboro' Hill, Wealdstone, Harrow, for this "Bullet":—

HER PEOPLE
PREVENTING FRANCE "WEDDING"
GERMANY.

£20: Mrs. R. Olsen, 126, Watling St. Rd., Fulwood, Preston.
Less And Less—Of Everything—Last Nothing.

£10: J. W. Graves, 17, William St., G.N. Tce., Lincoln.
Victory's Cup—We Work Saturdays For.

£5: Miss B. E. Rotheram, 28m, Queen's Rd., Radipole, Weymouth.
Hitler's Armour—Wanting Thinner—Thinning Weaker.

£4: J. W. Price, 2, South View, Phillipstown, Near Tredegar, Mon.
Her People—"Unbeatable"—And So Touchy!

£3: R. G. Walton, 6, Allison Gardens, Consett, Co. Durham.
The Dough-boys—"Blunderers" Winning The "Word."

£2: G. Day, 91, Rowheath Rd., Icknp Norton, B'ham.
To Finish The Job—"Pinch," Ladies! Pinch, Lads!

£1: A. Brown, 8, Concrete Cottages, Wombwell, Nr. Barnsley.
Her People—"United" Against Hr "Freedom"!

10s.: Mrs. C. H. Morris, 3, Camberley Ave., Raynes Park, S.W.20.
The Dough-boys—Open, Homely—Open Homes!

5s.: Miss M. Bailey, 36, Birch Tce., Hr. Barnsley, Accrington.
Weak Spot—In "Programme," Propaganda's "Greening."

2s.: Mrs. L. Hallon, 30, St. Andrew's Ave., Ashton, Preston.
Her People—Arrive—Joint Also "Shrinks"!

1s.: T. H. Cameron, 19, Mount Park Cottages, Pershore, Worcs.
Lull In The Fighting—While Fido Retrieves Rolling-pin!

A list of 20 Winners of 10s. and 50 Winners of 2s. 6d. can be seen at these offices. The 1,000 Merit Awards have also been posted.

5 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN XWORD No. 291

WINNING WORDS: 1. Cramped. 2. Wilds. 3. Mob. 4. Cur. 5. Plans. 6. Gamble. 7. Games. 8. Decayed. 9. Fin. 10. Out. 11. Story. 12. Sham. 13. Chill. 14. Roses.

$100 CHARGES: N. Barlow, 377, Manchester Rd., Milnsbridge, Huddersfield; Mrs. C. M. Baynes, 12a, Fielding Rd., Bedford Park, W.4; B. Cole, 11, Mount Rd., Fleetwood, Lancs.; Miss D. M. Johnson, Cp lands, Norfolk Rd., Uxbridge; J. J. Lomas, 46, Haughton St., Hyde, Ches.

Awards value £85 shared between 80 Runners-up

SEE OPPOSITE PAGE FOR PRIZES VALUE **£340**

"It fairly makes me bristle"

—SAID THE CLOTHES BRUSH

"What does?" inquired the Iron. "With indignation," said the Clothes Brush. "Here am I standing by in the hall day and night and the master hardly ever bothers to use me. No wonder his suit is getting shabbier and shabbier." "Ah!" said the Iron. "Now, the missus looks after her things—*and* the children's. She's always driving me to get rid of crumples and wrinkles, and if a nest of moth's eggs happens to be tucked under a seam, my, how I make them sizzle!"

Count your Coupons

When you are thinking of buying some garment or piece of material, count over your coupons and think of the warm things that you will need in the winter time. The cold weather is only a few weeks ahead. Better hold your coupons. Perhaps you can "make do" for the present with the clothes you have. Once your coupons are gone they're gone.

ISSUED BY THE BOARD OF TRADE

YESTAMIN the BUILDER

Strength and Energy are depleted much more rapidly in wartime than in normal times. Extra strain, unaccustomed duties—these take a heavy toll of Nerve Force. You need continuous 'building up' more than ever before. Yestamin Vitamin Yeast will do this for you—make you a 'tower of strength' built upon sure foundations—'Lightning cures' which depend on drugs are only 'jerry-builders.' Their effects are temporary. Yestamin is entirely free from drugs—its action is steady and progressive. It can only do you good. It must do that, because it is a Food itself—rich in essential Vitamins—and because its own activity compels the constituents of your meals to do you more good.

Of all Chemists:—
100 for 1/3.
300 for 3/2.

Start taking Yestamin NOW!—at a cost of only a penny a day.
The English Grains Co. Ltd. Burton-on-Trent

YESTAMIN
VITAMIN YEAST TABLETS

BRIGHTEN DARK EVENINGS & WINNING PRIZES!

PRIZES VALUE £125 FOR THIS XWORD
ONE WEEK ONLY!
£100 IN PRIZES RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 291, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column.	3p Entry-fee for 1 Col.	3p	3p	3p
1 IT MIGHT DISCOURAGE DOCTOR WHEN PATIENT IS BEYOND THIS	C R I N G			
2 HARD KNOCK OCCASIONALLY LEAVES THIS SEEMING	D E T			
3 FAULT IS SOMETIMES EXPOSED BY ONE	A N K			
4 MOVES FORWARD IN WAVES	B L L O W			
5 FOR A PERSON TO BE YELLOW MAY WELL MEAN HE'S THIS	U N K			
6 HOMEWORK'S HARDER WHEN YOUNGSTER HASN'T THIS IN WHICH TO DO IT	P A C E			
7 WILL PROBABLY LIE LOW FOR A TIME, AFTER STORM	H E A T			
8 IT'S NOT EASY FOR US TO GET THAT OF THE RAISE	L A N T			
9 MAY BE A DIY THING	P A N K			
10 HELPS YOU OVER AN ATTACK OF COLD FEET	R U			
11 ARCH(EOLOGIST. WRITING BOOK MAY WANT TO DO THIS	B R R O W			
12 WHEN A MAN MAY POSSIBLY HAVE HUNGRY LOOK	E A N			
13 OLD CROCK OCCASIONALLY PROVES TO BE THIS	D E F			
14 WORRIER WHO'S THIS BY HIS WORK..ISN'T LIKELY TO DO IT WELL	F G G E D			

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Gazette," dated Oct. 10.
P.O. Value..... CLOSING POSTMARK
No..... MONDAY, SEPT. 28
Signed .....
Address.....
295

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6
To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY With Xwords you may enclose "Bullets"—one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues published, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £25 between Runners-up. Not more than one Xword Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Complete Xword in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. Two Xword columns FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated October 17, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES Value over £200 for 'BULLETS'
FIRST PRIZE - £50 CASH
Others-£20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2 30/- 36/- 34/- 32/- 30/- 20 of 10/- 50 of 2/6 etc. 1000 MERIT AWARDS
FIRST PRIZE WIRE—FRIDAY, OCT. 9

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"
TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

NAZI WAR MACHINE
OUT TO WIN
TO SAVE FUEL
CLARION CALL
POLICY OF DRIFT
HEARD ON THE RADIO
MERCHANT NAVY
JUST TOO BAD
WEAPONS OF VICTORY
IN SPITE OF RATIONING
HOUSEHOLDER'S PROBLEM

BULLETS 1,339 RESULT appears on page 14

THE WORST OF IT IS
SACRIFICED
BUSY AS A BEE
HARDER AND HARDER
DOWN CAME A BOMB, BUT
OVERDOING IT
SOMEBODY BLUNDERED AND
WONDER OF WONDERS
HE'S A HOME GUARD, SO

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

FORGETTING HIS .....
TIME FOR .....
BEYOND THE.....
AT THE.....OFFICE
UP IN THE .....
TAKE A.....AND

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter in blank margin below.

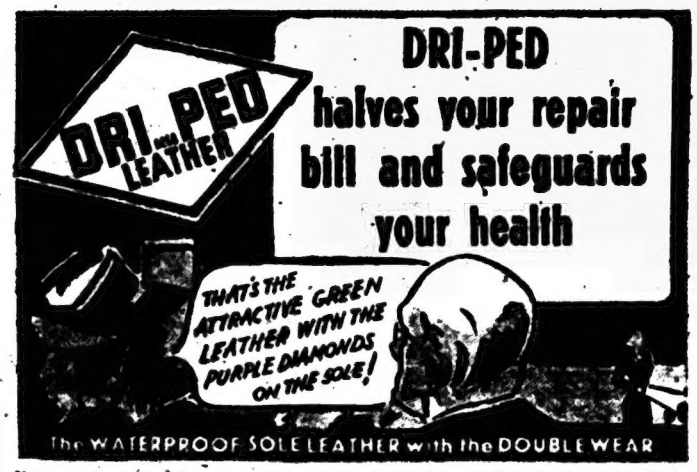
I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets I am entering, my remittance including 1/- for "Bullets" Bulletin, dated October 10.
P.O. Value .....
No. .....
Closing Postmark 1,343 Monday, Sept. 28
Signed .....
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

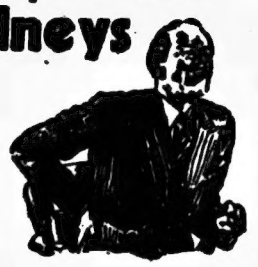
"Bullets" No. 1,343 of Xword No. 295, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

DRI-PED halves your repair bill and safeguards your health



Your repairer's supplies are strictly rationed, but it's worth trying hard to obtain.
DRI-PED LTD., ROSE HILL TANNERY, BOLTON, LANCS.

Help Your Kidneys



DON'T let backache, dizziness, urinary disorders, disturbed nights and painful joints wear you out.

THESE frequent signs of kidney distress call for prompt treatment. They indicate that self-poisoning is going on—that harmful impurities are remaining in the blood-stream.

DON'T WORRY! All may yet be well if you take Doan's Backache Kidney Pills without delay. This special kidney medicine stimulates sluggish kidneys, so that excess uric acid and other impurities which have been irritating the system are filtered away.

Actual experiences of anxious men and women prove the value of Doan's Pills in overcoming backache, rheumatic troubles, lumbago, swollen, painful muscles and joints, urinary and bladder irregularities, gravel and disturbed sleep.

1/5, 3/5 (inc. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills

Company Meeting

FURNESS, WITHY & CO.
DIVIDEND MAINTAINED

The fifty-first ordinary general meeting of Furness, Withy & Co., Ltd., was held on September 2, in London, the Lord Essendon J.P. (the chairman), presiding.

The following is an extract from the statement by the chairman:

The position as disclosed by the accounts will, I feel sure, be satisfactory to stockholders. The directors recommend the payment of a dividend on the ordinary stock of 6 per cent., less income tax, which is the same distribution as the previous year.

Shipowners are wholeheartedly devoting all their energies towards the quick turn round of ships and; so far as the industry itself is concerned, they rely on the promise given by the Government that they will recognise "the necessity of maintaining the British Mercantile Marine in adequate strength and in a position of full competitive efficiency."

Any policy for the retention of the ships by the Government to be operated in competition with the British shipping industry would be a poor return for all that it has done in past years in face of tremendous difficulties to maintain the standing of the British Mercantile Marine. The report was adopted.

GOOD Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD

BATGER'S CHINESE FIGS

"SHARE MY ENERGY" says Potato Pete

In your home do potatoes mean only *boiled* potatoes? There are so many easy ways to make them into a delicious main meal. You can fry them for breakfast as is done in Devonshire; you can make them into scones for tea, or into pies for supper. More potatoes and less bread are good for you and the Nation too!

POTATO PIE

Cooking time: 20 minutes. *Ingredients:* 2 lb. potatoes, 1 onion or shallot, ½ pint of milk or household milk, 1 dessertspoonful flour, 1 teaspoonful fat; salt and pepper. *Method:* Grease a piedish with fat. Scrub potatoes and slice. Chop onion or shallot. Arrange potatoes in alternate layers in dish with the onion, flour and seasoning, finishing with a layer of potatoes. Place the remainder of the fat on top in small pieces, pour milk into the dish. Cook in moderate oven for 20 minutes.

FREE—ask at any of the Food Advice Centres or Bureaux for a free copy of the Potato Pete Recipe Booklet, or write direct to the Ministry of Food, London, W.1.

POTATOES KEEP YOU *FIGHTING* FIT

Sometimes hard to find—
but always hard to beat!
(Made for women-folk too)

WORKWEAR LTD., LIVERPOOL

I Thought I Should Do MY SMALL BIT

Dublin, 13th July, 1942

Dear Sirs,—Reading the many letters of appreciation of your wonderful Yeast-Vite tablets published in the newspapers, I felt so indebted to you that I thought I should also do my small bit and tell you of the great work your tablets have done for me.

I am 56 years of age, and from the age of 50 to 55 I suffered acute pain from rheumatism, being compelled during much of the period to stay in bed. A friend of mine recommended Yeast-Vite tablets to me one day, so I sent for a small bottle of them, and after taking them for 25 days I was up and about just as if I had never suffered from anything in my life.

Thanking you again, I recommend these wonderful tablets to all those poor sufferers who go through what I have gone through.

(Sgd.) Miss L. D.

Rhyl, July 8th, 1942.
Dear Sirs,—I cannot speak highly enough of your Yeast-Vite Tablets. They are wonderful. *(Sgd.) V.F.*

Wolverhampton, July 17th, 1942.

Dear Sirs,—Having suffered from a nervous breakdown, I have used your Yeast-Vite tablets, and found them to be all that the testimonials in the Press have said about them. They are the wonder tablets of the age.

Wishing you every success.

(Sgd.) Mr. E.

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation simply obtain a bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. YEAST-VITE *tonic tablets are sold everywhere, now in* TWO SIZES ONLY, *price 1/4 and 3/3 per bottle, including Purchase Tax. Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford.*

"Warfare is the National Industry of Prussia"....

(Mirabeau 1749-1791)

IN England we do not take kindly to the slaughter and maimings of warfare. We fight when we must, and then we fight to the bitter end. That is why to-day vast organisations such as the C.W.S., whose aims and ways are those of peace, are fighting behind the lines without reserve and to the very limit of their capacity to aid the national effort. Warfare is not our trade, but we will beat at it those whose trade it is.

Issued by the
CO-OPERATIVE WHOLESALE SOCIETY LTD.

GH 1507 P

Fuel Battle Orders!

Coal is as vital to our war-production as petrol to an airman . . . Coal to drive the machines in munition factories; coal to make steel for tanks; coal to fire locomotives on war transport; coal to keep ships at sea. *Coal must be released from the home front!*

What do I do?

I work out my "target" allowance and budget my consumption of fuel.

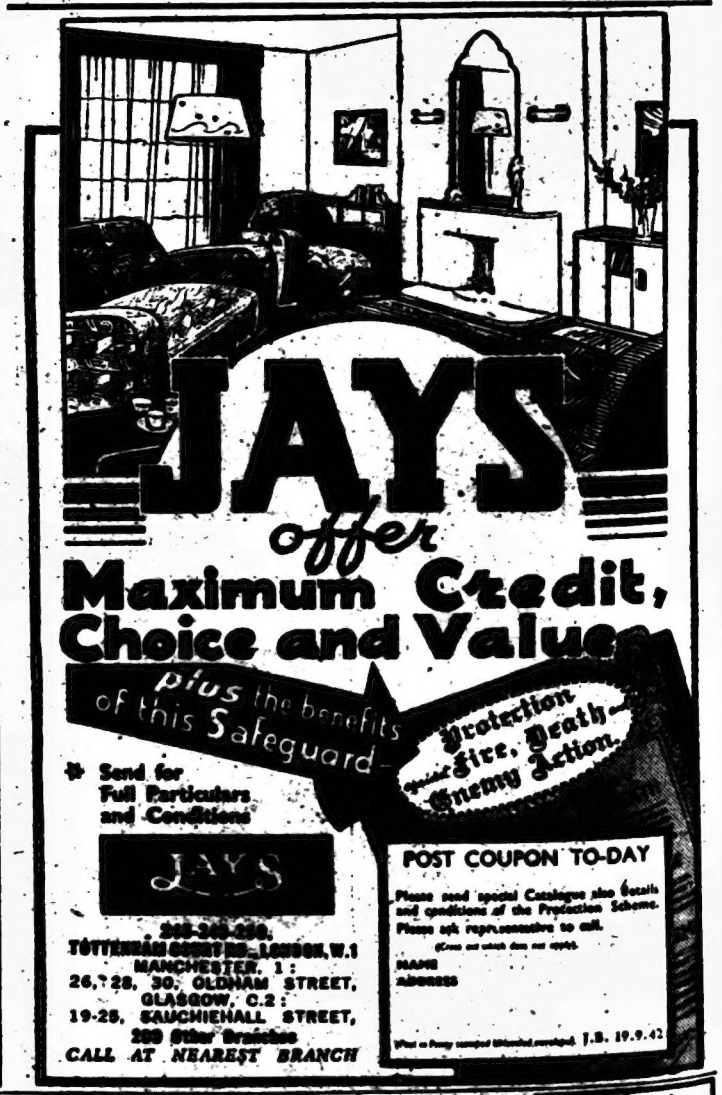
I resist the temptation to light my fire — gas, electric or coal — on autumn evenings. I don't keep my boiler burning all day and night — I use it only on one or two days a week.

I "lag" my hot water tank by wrapping felt or an old blanket round it.

I use fuel sparingly for cooking, and never use the oven for one dish only.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society



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